

year
one

the erotic fiction of artfuldodger



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Foreward - ArtfulDodger

Writing and creating have always been my passion. When I started **The Secret Brain** on December 1st, 2005 I did so for a variety of reasons. One of those reasons was to explore the long dormant erotic side of my two passions, and through that process, create a new passion.

These are blog stories, usually written in one sitting, usually written without pre-thought and in a style that I like to call “flow”, in which I start with something like a phrase or a thought and see where it leads. These stories are not perfect, they have not been revised or edited, or re-thought again and again. But they do, in an interesting way, reflect the moment in which they were written. I can only hope that you enjoy reading them as much as I have enjoyed creating them. Thank you.

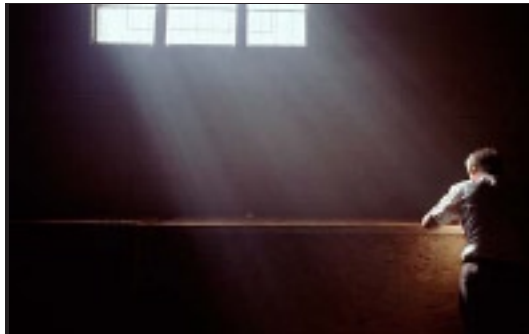
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the lightest touch, traced across your sweet hip, the bone and muscle and
all so soft skin, within a hair's breath of movement it traces the line of
merest sensation along a pathway well worn and well travelled, through
an archway of shadow into a valley of warmth and passion your long
legs pulled slightly apart in anticipation, the touch moved of its own
mind as I watched from above, over the mound between your thighs,
into a tangle of sensations that tickle my nerves and spark the heat
within my heart, as it plunges into your sweet pussy, finding access in
your lovely folds, the sweet nectar and the furnace of heat pouring from
within you, deep within you, then a shudder as it passes all so gently over
your clit rising to meet its touch, to accept its embrace, to welcome the
ministrations of love and passion, skin trembles and back arched into the
gentle but firm motion of this instrument that plays its instrument
to only one purpose, total ecstasy and profound
passions, unbridled waves of orgasmic bliss
that ripple through you and it, as it continues
softly, quickly, slowly, urgently and sometimes
agonizingly slowly, tracing the contours hidden from
most, but shared openly in this secret place
that only we share.

the finger



Secret Reads: The Layover

The door closed behind me, the hydraulic swish noise of the brakes letting go rang out and the bus slowly pulled away. In the far distance I heard a car horn doppler into the distance, the sound like a lonesome scream. The night was still and quiet. It was two past midnight and the little bus stop in the middle of flat land Ohio was empty. Only a single solitary light pathetically illuminated the outside, the inside a cold florescent mystery. I adjusted my bag over my shoulder and shuffled into the waiting area. The night was chilled, but not cold. I had a two hour layover, before my journey could continue.

The inside was more mysterious upon entering. A stark rectangle of light in the vacuum of nothingness outside. A couch, a chair, a black television in the corner, some magazines, and an old woman behind the counter. The old woman was dead, even after she moved. She just didn't know it yet, but I suspected death had come several years before. She croaked a question and disappeared into the back. I grunted a response and suspected I would be alone for two hours. It was late, and dead people need their sleep.

Even the dust motes were tired in this juncture of time and space, as I sat on the couch they made no effort to leap about and fall gracefully back to earth. This suited my mood. After seven hours crammed into a Greyhound bus I sought only the peace of the night

and solitude. I brought forth my sketch pad and began aimlessly drawing. But capturing the old woman in pencil became an elusive and fruitless practice. The quiet reached a loud crescendo before a single voice broke its symphony. My name? Alone here at the nexus, I heard my name?

My head creaked to an upward position and I gazed upon a vision of beauty in jeans and sweater. In that first moment I understood that jeans and sweaters had simply been invented so that this woman could wear them. Her eyes help expectations and knowledge that mine did not. My confusion was a knife that stung her. She explained and understanding returned. Gloria. A girl I had known slightly in High School, Cheerleader, Prom something or other, rich girl, fancy car, the typical type that didn't talk back to boys like me. Although I wasn't boys like me anymore. College had changed us both, her parents had died several years back in a car accident and she was on her way to California to pursue those dreams that change lives. And I had grown and filled in and became a man in my own way. This all we learned as we sat and spoke softly, so as not to awaken the dead.

For an hour at least we spoke and caught up, all the while the electricity jumping between us stung and sparked and bit, despite our attempts to ignore it. Finally it had enough and leaped up and slapped me

on the face as I leaned in and kissed her moist lips. They did not retreat. The electricity was pleased as it wrapped us up in its embrace. The kiss lasted an eternity and more was communicated in that eternity without words than the last hour full of words. Her hand held mine and guided me roughly to her breast. The heat burned my palm and awakened my own arousal, she was not wearing a bra and her nipple rose from within to greet my touch. My jeans creaked as I grew to now greet her touch, now tugging and pulling in my lap. Now the electric current grew in intensity as it purpose was revealed, in a bright flash of forgotten memories her sweater was on the floor, her perfect jeans around her knees and my face was buried in the soft down of her trimmed and manicured bush. My tongue sought refuge in the soft folds of her lips, pushing them roughly aside as it plunged deeper into paradise. My cock became free of its prison behind walls of denim and her hands played a rough and ready song upon my flesh.

In this way we writhed to a pattern all too familiar. Her hips rose and I was engulfed in her sweet pussy, buried deep my breath became of her and from her. My cock sang a song of passion and she hummed along with it, as if she knew the words. A small cry escaped her as she came and came again, my mouth gently sucking the bud of her clit, softly bringing each wave crashing onto the shore. My hips moved of their own will and my throbbing cock entered her domain forcibly. Her pussy pulled apart to welcome this intruder, straining at the width and enjoying the depth of that first thrust. I could feel the length of her closing around me, a blanket of heat that drove me onward. My hands pulled at her breasts as I continued to go deeper and deeper into her chasm. She responded back, begging with her body to be filled to the utmost, every corner, every crevice, to be full of me. Her hands dug trenches of blood down my back as my cock finished its journey with no where else to go, it began its repeating journey, again and again and again and again, completely gone, but yet merged as one. Indistinguishable from animals. Slowly from within me it began to build, deep down at first, the inevitable progress of my seed, the culmination of this pairing. Once started it cannot be stopped, her pussy knew and screamed out for it like a hungry child in some forgotten third-world country, begging to be fed. My cock smiled within her as it knew it would satisfy that

hunger, and it exploded, my entire being exploded within her. My soul emptied into her as my essence poured out and filled her to overflowing. She drank and drank deep, my cum running through her, looking for that which was not there and dying its own death.

I kissed her then and ran my hands through her blonde hair and kissed her once again. My cock subsided and was expunged from within her, her pussy now sated and satisfied. We collapsed into each others arms and lay still for a moment. A sound and my head looked up to see the old woman standing behind the counter, her dead eyes watching that which her memory perhaps still contained. But like an old photograph, faded and worn. She smiled slightly and fell to the floor in an explosion of dust and bone. Finally truly dead. My moment was gone and alone I faced the door to the bus, a memory slowly fading and time never standing still.

It was another seven hours until my next layover.

your email caught my heart. a voice from a distance, alone and confused, lost and lonely. i quickly responded, my heart had been caught by your words. it was dark by the time i pulled into the hotel parking lot. most of the rooms were dark, but a soft and warm glow emanated from 12C, even from the outside my chest pounded. we had never met in person. but we had shared so much already.

the hurried soft knock was answered and the door creaked slowly open. in the distance i heard the lonesome whistle of a train. the dark wrapped your body and hid the smile i knew was there. i stepped into the room and into another world. a world where only we two exist. you were already naked, as you had said you would be. we did not speak as i picked you up in my strong arms and laid you gently on the bed. my hands worked quickly, securing your wrists and ankles to the bedpost, tight enough to hurt, but loose enough for love. spread apart you lay before me and still not a word escaped our lips. your eyes betrayed a certain fear, unknown, untested, but willing to ride the rail to new lands in my care.

standing there at the foot of the bed, seeing you as god himself intended, beautiful, magnificent and full of unreleased passion, your hips moving slightly,

i started to undress. my shirt floated to the ground as my hands ran down my chest and over my stomach. my pants fell around my ankles and i stepped slowly out of each one. in the shadows of the room, you could easily make out the soft shadow of my hard cock begging to be released from its hiding place. slowly i ran my hands over the fabric, teasing myself and you. the light briefly caught the glisten of wetness between your legs, telling me that you were responding. finally i pulled my long thick cock from within and stood fully exposed before you. but only for a brief moment as my hand found the light switch and the room became as black as a moonless night.

no sound. no sight.

did you feel something? the lightest touch on your thigh?

or was that a sensation on your nipple, so erect in the dark?

a shiver ran through you as my tongue traced a line from your sensitive neck down around the heaving mounds of each breast, and through the soft valley of your stomach... and then where? suddenly your thighs quiver with my mouth on each one at once, then gone.

then your back arches of its own accord as my hot lips find yours in the dark, my tongue flicks yours and then is gone once again. will this tease never end. your pussy reaches into the darkness in anticipation as my mouth finds it and greets it there. my tongue flicks through your soft, hot folds and pulls hard on your outer lips. my hands find your breasts. tongue delves deeper into your secrets. fingers play and enter, joining the tune being played below. ah, the sweet spot, the beautiful place. a small squeal escapes your lips, you want to move, but cannot. faster. fingers. tongue, hands, all in a blur, building, building, to a crescendo, faster, faster, hard, soft.... you thrash and moan behind clinched lips as your body escapes you and you hover, looking down on us below. for a moment you see my cock enter you and then you are back inside yourself and feel its long, hard essence sliding ever inward.

the rest is our memory. a story untold, for only you and me. when will we meet again?

total surrender

the day had been a long one. kids finally asleep, work a distant memory, dishes tucked safely away, shower heat washing away the scum of the hours... able to stretch out on the bed and relax. breath deeply and shut my eyes. i can feel the stresses seeping away and floating into the air around me. skin still warm from the steam of washing, heart still aching because he is away. i miss him so much it hurts. but it is so quiet now, the house is alive around me, but empty without his calming presence, his powerful smile and reassuring words. thinking of him my hand lightly touches my breast and swirls around it lightly. my eyes closed i imagine it is his hands, hard and calloused, but so firm and gentle all at once. i miss him, i always miss him, but now in the silence the ache becomes a living thing that presses on my heart.

a chill passes over me and my skin raises goosebumps, lying naked above the covers, the cool night air touches me. arouses my desires. i imagine his hands moving lower, tracing the sensitive fine hairs around my navel. and ingering there, as he always does. then he looks up at me and smiles lovingly. funny the things we remember about our lovers, i always giggle slightly when he does that, because i know what comes next and so does he. it is a sweet signal, an innocent alert. my hands move lower, as does he in my mind's eye. in total my soul is his. i can feel his chest under my palm, the hair, the strength, the warmth. his rough chin in the fold

of my neck, his hot breath against my ear. my hands rub my mound and my hips rise to greet the pressure. my hand is on his hip, i love the feel of it, the bone, the muscle, the curve of it. my fingers open my lips, drenched and wet from memory. i am taken with him and can smell him around me. he is there with me now in my mind, my fingers know the way, and i feel the first brush of pleasure as they find what they seek. i see him hovering above me on his hands and knees, that look in his eye, so intense and so full of love. i can see his hard cock above me and i take it in my hands. my fingers move quicker now, without my control. i so love and want and caress the feel of him in my hands, so hot and hard and soft all at the same time, and now i feel the power of pleasure, of what i can give him, of what is mine to give. my other hand joins the first and my finger slips inside me, i can feel my own heat, joining the memory of his. his eyes close for a moment when my hand pulls downward over his shaft pulling the skin down as i guide it on its course. the moment. that exquisite life affirming moment arrives. my hands are not my own, my hips are shaking, breathing is quick and hurried. he looks at me now, our eyes lock and i see into his depths and all i find there is love. my softness opens for him and slowly i am filled with him. deep down i can feel him enter me, touching me, passing through me, his weight settles above me and my arms encircle him and pull him close. my hands are blurs now and i feel the pressure building, outward and then ever inward. my hands are

pulled deeper into me, so hot and trembly, i find that motion we share without words. as he fucks me i press upward, i want more of him, i want all of him. faster and faster, my eyes open for a moment, searching for him, then close again for he is not really here. but he is. i can feel him, i am enclosing him with myself, the tremble moves me, momentum builds, we are locked in our passions, i can feel everything and nothing, it is all of me, the white light explodes in my mind and i am lost, the pressure builds unbearable in its fire. lost, i am, oh god, shaking, lost and here within me he grows larger, i can't contain him, he fills me and then he pushes down and i hear his breath change, and the heat and the release, my hips push and my pussy pulls him ever deeper, our bodies and our souls merge, the pressure and i release again and again and again, shaking and one, i collapse into soft trembles and echoes. my mind at rest. the spirit set loose. i sleep and in my dreams he holds me so tightly and with such love, i feel i may never live a better day. tomorrow he will be home.

dreaming in her mind



Secret Reads

coming to work

this morning i almost left the apartment without my briefcase. that would have been stupid, the report i stayed up all night writing was in there, and we had the big presentation today. the one that would hopefully lead to my promotion. as i left the apartment and walked out onto the sidewalk, i actually got a chill. little goosebumps went up and down my naked body and i could feel my penis retract a bit. the weather control must be off this morning or something. that was very unusual.

i waited at the transit stop with the usual group of people. the tall redhead was there, looking beautiful as usual, her breasts were standing erect, so she must be feeling the cold this morning as well. as i turned to say good morning, i noticed that she had shaved her bush this morning. not wanting to be rude i commented on that fact and how beautiful her inner lips looked, now that i could see them hanging there without the bush. she smiled and said thank you and asked if i would like to feel it. i had expected that reply, it is only common courtesy. she had done a wonderful job, very smooth, so i gave her a slight touch on the clit. just a slight one, as we weren't really friends. i didn't even know her name. jack had walked up and they started talking and going through the same motions. if i knew the crowd on the transit, she'd be sure to have an orgasm or two before her stop on standard street.

i heard the transit whoosh up and stop and got in line to board. somebody gave my ass a tweak as we were walking on, but i couldn't be sure of who it was. we all got on and stood there holding onto the straps above us. it always made my morning to watch all the cocks swing when

the transit started up again and this morning was no different. there was that tweak on my ass again. i turned to see who was behind me, a stranger! this was an unusual occurrence, i hadn't seen a stranger on this transit in over six months. downtown sure, but here? i was very pleased to see her and told her so. she was short, with long flowing brown hair and deep ocean blue eyes. her breasts were round and her nipples matched. she was solid, like most women today, and well defined. she said her name was tammy and that she had just moved here from langston. she was eighteen and started her new job today. as she talked my cock grew hard and erect. she reached over and started stroking me as we caught up on her job and her anxiety of starting a new career. i told her she had nothing to worry about and that anxiety wasn't good for her. a man standing next to me offered to hold my briefcase for me, so that i could pull her closer. she threw her left leg up and around my hip and i grabbed her ass and slipped my cock into her. one of the women a few feet away fell to her knees and started licking the pussy of the woman in front of her, and the man with my briefcase started stroking himself.

tammy felt really good, her pussy was young and hot, and honestly i needed a good fuck this morning as well. what with the big presentation today and all that was riding on its success. we really started fucking then and i noticed that more and more of the transit riders were enjoying themselves and others as well. it made me feel good that our sex was triggering an orgy on the ride in, we hadn't had one on the transit in a few days and everyone seemed more than ready. tammy's pussy started to contract around me as she came and that made me come inside of her, pretty hard. i hadn't had sex since the waitress at the bar last night and i was ready. i know it isn't good to go too long without, but i had to get that report done. tamy and i kissed and i went down and licked my come off as best i could. it was her first day on the job and i'm sure she wanted to make a good impression. and with so many new people to meet, i was certain she'd be getting fucked alot today. i thanked the guy beside me for holding my briefcase. he wasn't done yet, so i went down on him and took his cock in my mouth. he had held my briefcase and i was still feeling randy from fucking tammy. he came in my mouth in only a few minutes, his cum tasted sweet. i asked him about that and he

said he had had alot of birthday cake last night at his birthday orgy. that explained that.

the transit arrived and we all piled out into the busy city streets. it was only two blocks to the office. i was feeling good after the ride in, but avoided the street orgy and the cock clowns, i didn't want to be late this morning. peggy the receptionist stroked me for a few minutes while she told me the ragional manager was in today to hear my report. this was great news as it meant my promotion might happen sooner than i thought. if i did a good job that is. i kissed peggy, deciding not to finger her like i usually did, her hands were chapped this morning!

the meeting went better than expected. three of the four men in the room got boners while i presented and two of the women fingered themselves to orgasm. the regional manager just sat there and didn't say a word. she was tough, i'll give her that. when i was finished she clapped her hands and said i had done a great job. then she turned to everyone and told them that i was being promoted to grade three today. that meant some formalities, but it was better than i expected. everyone filed up and gave my cock

a few sucks, one of the women fingered my ass while she sucked me. after they were done and gone the regional manager slid up onto the conference room table and spread her legs so i could see her pussy glistening in the lights. she said the formal words that needed saying, as a grade three i would get even more special privileges and my choice of roommates, which was what i was really excited about. when she was done my cock was standing at full attention. she told me to get up on the table and fuck her before she had to go back to the main office. it was my pleasure to do so. this had been the perfect day so far.

i can't wait until lunch. today we meet the new interns.

he sat at the window sill and stared into the night sky. he had been crying again and his eyes were still blurry, but the tears had stopped for now. he had sacrificed everything to move into the city, to escape the deadend world of the little town he had called home for most of his life. it was hard. the past year had tried his patience, his resources, his will and everything else that made him who he was. but mostly it had been incredibly lonely. he never made fast friends and working two jobs plus studying for his master's degree didn't leave a lot of free time. and now in two days it would be Christmas and he was spending it alone. again. he didn't have the money to travel home and no one would be there if he did. his parents, with all the children grown, spent the winters on vacations. and he didn't really talk to his sister anymore.

everyday he prayed to meet someone to share his life with. to laugh at his funny thoughts, to hold his hand in the rain and to share all the love he had to give. and he had a lot of love to share. his heart was big

enough for the world and small enough to encompass just one special person. tonight he prayed even harder than usual. he looked for the evening star but in the city it was not to be seen in the glare. he hadn't



seen the stars in over a year. but they were there and he wished once again that fervent wish of the lonely, someone to share his life with, even if only for a

moment. as usual, no answer came. and he expected none. the time of miracles, if such a time existed, had long ago passed. it was with a resigned heart that he shed his clothes and climbed into bed. he lay staring at the ceiling and thinking about her. the woman of his dreams. the woman that would someday whisper, i love you, and mean him. he hadn't had the experience of that yet. he heard stories and dreamed of that day, but so far it had eluded him. that fact tore at his heart and dragged it around his chest. as was often the case at these times, he wondered what it was about him. why had he been so unlucky in love? he was only twenty-three, but surely by now he would have connected with someone? he had been close, but he was one of those guys. the good guys, the guys that girls call friends. and not lovers. was he to forward, to needy, to obvious, not obvious enough, shooting to high, or not high enough, to poor, to hopeless, to hairy, to thin, not good looking enough, the doubts, as they are often want to do, drove him to the edge of insanity. with no other

voices, his inner voice echoed in his mind.

his hand restlessly touched his penis as he dreamed. caught between arousal and deep despair, he gently and absentmindedly stroked it. his dream became slowly more erotic as it grew in his hand. for most of his young life, masturbation had served as his salvation and his doom. his other hand gently glided over his tight stomach and down around his balls. his cock was now fully erect in his hand, but still he only gently stroked, this should last until he fell into a deep sleep he thought.

his eyes were closed when he first heard her voice. you do have a most beautiful penis, it said. for a moment he thought the edge of insanity was now his home, for the voices in his head sounded all too real. but then he felt her hand lightly touch his upper arm. his eyes opened and he beheld the beauty behind the voice. do not be alarmed, she said in a singing tone reserved for angels, i mean you no harm. he rose up on his elbow and turned to look at her, who are you?, he said. whoever she was, her naked body was lying in his bed. i am yours, she said, but only for tonight. i don't understand, was his confused reply. do not ask questions of miracles, she said gently, for they may disappear in the light of reason. she reached out for him then, and her hands were as soft as silk upon his throbbing and lonely cock. your cries of loneliness and despair have touched me, she spoke, and i have been allowed to be with you this once. he smiled and started to thank her, when she stopped him with a kiss. when her light body settled over his and his virgin cock slid so wonderfully into her hot pussy, he thought he had gone to heaven. it was a night he would never forget.

may all your dreams come true. happy holidays from me to you.

his holiday wish



The shadow dropped lightly to the ground under the old banyon tree. The savannah was dark. The full moon casting an eerie glow when it comes out from behind high wispy clouds. In the far distance the howl of the Sabre indicated it had killed for the night. This was why the shadow had left the safety of the tree. Furtively it looked around and then stepped quickly into the tall grass. The moonlight illuminated the figure of a naked woman, stooped over in a crouch, spear in hand. Tall, lean and well muscled, she headed off through the grass. Silent and with purpose.

A woman alone in the savannah is a rare and deadly sight. Rare because it is deadly for her. The dangers of being alone in a brutal and unforgiving world have made this rogue cautious and quick. Her eyes and ears strain in the night for the slightest signal of danger. Even with the Sabre otherwise occupied, there are other concerns. Coming down out of the trees is dangerous, but some things have to be done. She stops and crouches behind a big blister bush and looks out over the watering hole. This is the most dangerous moment of all for her. She listens to the night sounds, a lifetime of harsh experience have taught her well. The bugs and birds of the night are her only companions. She moves ever so quietly down to the water's edge.

She looks around again and again, seeing nothing she squats and using her hands to cup the water, begins to silently drink. The crack of a distant twig causes her to look up quickly and wait. Nothing more and she drinks again. She didn't hear the Leopard. A weight hit her squarely in the back and pushed her roughly into the water. The sounds of the night stopped abruptly when

her head was pushed under and she tried to turn. Her spear was back on the beach. The Leopard had missed slightly and spun off to her right. In the soft mud of the waters edge she scrambled to find purchase. A growl escaped the Leopards throat as it spun to finish its job. Her hand brushed the stone tip of her spear just as the weight of the big cat returned to her back, pushing her deeper into the mud. She could hear it breathing hard above her and its claws digging into her skin. She only had a moment before its teeth found her neck, and the spear was lost to her hand. She never panicked or froze, this was life in the wild. Alone. She was part of the circle and she knew instinctively what that ultimately meant for her. The Leopard yelped and its weight was suddenly gone from her back. She grabbed her spear and stood quickly with it in front of her. The Leopard was running into the bush, a spear sticking from its back. She wobbled then, knees giving way, and fell to the wet sand.

She looked up and saw him standing there in front of her. A big man, tall and muscled, stood naked before her. This was the first man she had seen since she was a little girl, before the curse and the outing. She was trapped between him and the water, with nowhere to run. It was then that his scent hit her sensitive nose. She had ever smelled anything like it before, a musky, sweet scent that sent shivers through her body and stirred her loins in ways she was unfamiliar with. The man reached for her and lifted her to her feet. He was very strong. His blue eyes shone in the light of the moon. He spun her around and touched the fresh and bleeding cuts from the Leopards claws. He bent and began washing her gently. He pulled something from a

pouch at his hip and suddenly the pain of the cuts began to vanish under his hands. She started to relax, the adrenaline draining from her system. But still her heart pounded in her chest.

His hands were on her shoulders and he spun her around again. They stood facing each other for a moment, she was fascinated by his angular face, his eyes, his muscular chest and in the shadows between his legs... he grabbed her roughly by the arm as he turned and ran into the bush. She followed and through the bush and tall grass they ran. They ran for what seemed an eternity until they reached a group of boab trees. They headed for what appeared to be the largest of the group and he gestured for her to climb. She did so and he followed. As she climbed she could hear him breathing deeply behind her, perhaps he found her scent as unusual as she had found his. The boab tree was huge and forked in three places from a large flat center, it was the nicest tree she had ever seen and made for a wonderful place to sleep. No wonder it was his home.

She found a spot and sat cross legged and he did the same, after looking around and sniffing the night air. They sat facing each other and both found

the other puzzling. His hard face softened as he reached out and grabbed her right breast. She didn't move as he did so, she found his beard and hair to be unusual and she reached out to run her hands through them. Now that they had settled, their scents mingled in the night air, she began to feel a strange and new sensation in her breasts. His hands were rough, but they felt strangely good touching her there. She had never really thought much about her breasts, they were just a part of her. But now they seemed to be attached to all of her and these feelings were new and unusual. Her hands had fallen from his beard to his chest now, so bereft of breasts and hard beneath her hands. Her legs uncrossed unconsciously as she shifted her weight forward. His did the same and it was then that she saw it for the first time. She remembered the thing between a man's legs from when she was a girl, but she had never seen one like this before. It stood upright and large before her, swaying in the night like a spear held at the ready. She was a child of nature and was aware of what went on between a male and female, she had seen thousands of animals engaged in her life. But this was different, this was happening to her, now. She was simply curious as she lowered her hands and

held him. It was hot, was her first thought. And so hard, but soft at the same time. She looked up at his face and noticed his eyes were closed. He trusted her and was opening himself to her now. Without her knowledge her hands began tugging on him and he made a noise then, so she continued. His hands played over her erect nipples and she felt the heat building between her own legs and a wetness spreading there. It was then that she finally understood.

She spun on her knees and presented her ass to him. She grunted and spread her legs more so that her softness was exposed fully. She looked back and he had risen on his knees and his rough hands had grabbed her hips. She felt it touch her ass and the heat was almost unbearable. She felt it then, her mind slipped away from her, as she lost herself to the animal and pushed back with her hips. There was some resistance at first and she thought for a moment that this was wrong, that she wouldn't be able to take him inside of her. But then she felt something give way and he slid fully inside of her. The sensation was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. They both grunted softly then as he began to move in and out of her. Her softness

welcomed his hardness and she felt him within her as she felt something growing within herself. An ache, an itch, a soft hot light deep within her pelvis. She could feel his shaft moving against her, again and again. His hands roughly pulled her to him and she complied and wanted it. The hot light was building within her and she idly thought to herself, I hope we can do this again. He grew even larger inside of her and she felt as if she might be lost forever, a low growl escaped her then and quickly became a loud howl that echoed through the night. His motions became even more intense as he also grunted loudly and then everything became lost. She felt herself go, her body pulsing as her softness pulled him deeper. She felt a white hot sensation shoot through her as he released himself within her. Again and again, they moved increasingly slowly around each other. Until they were finished and he fell onto her back, spent. She ached for him as his shaft fell out of her softness and they both collapsed into each other arms.

She smiled in the darkness, her head cupped against his chest. Now when she went to the watering hole, she wouldn't have to be alone.

SECRET READS: RIGHT NOW I don't even want to know your name. i want to take you like you've never been taken before. i want to slam you hard up against the wall while my hands do things they lock people away for in the south. i want you to scream silently liking every minute of it. i don't want to save our clothes. i don't care what the fucking neighbors think or if the children might hear. i want to satisfy my ache. i want to possess every sweet inch of your body and stake my flag. i want to shout and grunt like an animal in heat. i want to break the box springs. i want to leave carnage in my wake. i want to make you cum so hard your pussy sets the room on fire. i want to fuck my cock down to a nub. i want legs, and arms, and hair, and sheets, and picture frames, and socks, and panties, everywhere, flying around in the air. i want to take your breath away and not be able to find it again for hours. i want to sweat until we're as dry as the Sahara in summer. i want to bounce up and down like freakin maniacs. I want us to laugh until our sides hurt. i want you to scratch your claws across my back and leave deep red welts. i want to lose myself in your pussy and not be found by rescuers and search teams. i want the president to award me the best fuck of the year award. i want your ass to hurt so much you can't sit down for three days. i want our naked bodies on the cover of Time magazine. i want stories told throughout the ages in hushed whispers. i want to bring down the house. i want to make you so happy you can't see straight. i

want dogs and cats to live together. i want to fuck straight for seven days. i want a blowjob so powerful it blows the hair right off your beautiful head. i want the movie rights. i want Bob Dylan to write a goddamn song about us. i want you inside of me, on top of, under me and all over me. i want to feel your pussy pressed down on my face until i can't breathe. i want to make hay while the sun shines. i want to take you away and never return. i want to be so tired that the world stops turning. i want to pound away. i want you to push me around and have your way with me. i want to be punished. i want to throw you over my knee and spank you harder than you can stand. i want you from behind. i want my cock in your ass. i want to watch the sunrise naked from a balcony. i want to fuck all the way to Paris. i want you to play with my balls. i want civilization to crumble around us. i want you to beg for more. i want to eat you out at the finest restaurants. i want the Donald to fire me. i want your naked body next to mine. i want all of that and more... right now.

then, like they always do, the moment passed into memory.

I have a confession to make. You won't believe me. I don't blame you, no one ever does. No, please, don't get up, I have to tell someone about it. I'd like it to be you. Why? Well, why not? Alright, that wasn't very funny. I know. I'm not a funny guy, not really. If you tell someone you have a great sense of humor it means you don't have a great sense of humor. People with great senses of humor don't have to tell people they have them, these people already know they have great senses of humor. Did I tell you earlier how beautiful you are? I did? I apologize then, I do have a tendency to repeat myself. Is your drink ok then? I know, so many questions. I'm nervous. I've never told anyone about my gift before I... gift? Well, that's what you call something you didn't ask for isn't it? And believe me, I didn't ask for this. You are beautiful by the... alright, I will stop stalling.

It happened when I was eighteen. My family moved into New England from Ohio right after I went off to college. My Dad's job. Yeah, he worked for a radio station and they moved him to one that was struggling in Rhode Island. The smallest state, right. Small place. Very tiny. Anyway, they had been there, my Mom and Dad, for

about two months when I finally had a chance to visit. Great place my Dad got for a song. The man who lived there alone had gone nuts and killed himself... yep, no one wanted the place. After I had settled in and Dad had showed me around the place, he asked if I would help him move some of the old loons stuff down from the attic. Sure, why not. For hours we carried everything down from up there. This old guy had traveled all over the world. Collected everything. Heavy stuff too. There was an old roll top desk in the back corner that Dad said he was going to leave, it was just too heavy to move. When he got called downstairs by my Mother I went over to it and looked at it. It was old. You know, some things just exude an oldness about them? This thing had it in spades. I wish I had never done the next thing that I did. I rolled up the roll up part and looked inside. No, not treasure, but don't think I didn't think that! No, nothing, nada, empty. My heart dropped until I saw what was carved there in the wood. It was a word. A single word that I had never seen before, but a word that sticks with you, y'know. Just reading it I knew I would never forget it. Then I just about

shit my pants. Why? Because the damn thing vanished right in front of my eyes! Just faded away. Poof! Gonzo land. Like magic or some shit. No I'm not lying. And I'm not lying when I tell you that word was fucking magic.

Let me tell the story. You in a hurry or something? Then sit and listen, believe me it'll be worth it. Nothing happens while I'm at home, I don't understand that until later. It wasn't until I got back to school that I first discovered the tiniest inkling of what I had found. In my apartment was this stunner hottie named Sophia. She was a knockout. Not the same class as you babe, but a looker none the same. She never spoke to me, I was dirt and a freshman, doomed to not score this chick. When I finally got back to the apartment it was

didn't even really think about it, it just came out. And man, does it work! She totally changed right that second, she was on me like stink on a pig! Kissing me and pushing me into the open door, I could barely close it behind me! The second we're inside she starts ripping her clothes off and before you know it, stuck up hottie Sophia is buck naked in my apartment with her legs spread wide fingering her pussy! Just like that. Then she starts with the dirty talk, the things that came out of this girl's mouth. Her Mother would have been so ashamed. What do you think I did? I fucked her. All night long, this girl was insane, fierce and she wanted everything. I had, up to this point, never been fucked like that. Ever.

She finally passed out around 4 am and

when she woke up she wanted to go again. And again. Finally I had enough and as soon as I thought that, as soon as it entered my mind, I said the word again. The change was fucking incredible. There she was on top of me, fucking my limp dick like a cowgirl, and then BOOM! You could see it in her eyes, what the hell? She got up and collected her clothes and was out the

door like a shot. The weird thing is, she didn't remember anything about it. Nothing at all. Zip. I found this out a few days later from some friends. Sure I was freaked out? Who wouldn't be? At the time I was pretty happy about it let me tell you. And now you know my gift, or my curse, depending on how you look at it. Why a curse? Sounds good doesn't it? Well it sounds good in theory. At least that's how it started out.

I tried everything. I was king of the fucking world. That first year in college I fucked every decent girl on campus. Anytime, anywhere, anyhow I wanted. Teachers too. Women in the local town. My grades suffered obviously, but I didn't care. When I got kicked out of school I just moved on. LA first, then San Diego, Hawaii, Seattle... in a few years I had traveled the world fucking pussy on a fucking ala carte menu, all you could eat. Years turned into a decade, turned into eighteen years now since it first started. Eighteen years? Yeah, the same exact age I was. You are smart and beautiful. That's right, it didn't dawn on me until I found myself in Rhode Island at my Dad's funeral. I hadn't seen either of them since the Word had entered my life, and now my Dad was dead. I still remember when it happened. I was standing alone outside the funeral home when this young man came up to me and said he needed to talk. Sure I said, thinking he wanted to tell me something about my old man. Nah, he said, it was more important than that. Did I remember a woman named Sophia Cousins, he asked?

I tried to be nice, not knowing where this was headed. That was his Mom he said, she was dead now, but before she died she told him who his Dad was... it was me. He'd been looking for me for three years. Bullshit! That's what I said. And I split town right away. I don't need that kind of crap.

But it didn't stop, everywhere I went I ran into my kids. Everywhere, there are thousands of them out there right now looking for me. They want to kill me, they want to stop the word! But they can't, they can't have it! Its mine damn them, mine! I found it and it belongs to me. And I'm going to use it again dammit, on you beautiful! That's right, but you can't run sweetheart. Why do you think I picked this place? I own this place babe, it's mine and so are you. >!!!!!!!< What?! Shit, musta drank too much. >!!!!!!!< What the fuck? What did you say? I get it, you're one of them aren't you? My child. I know, I see the resemblance now. The Word doesn't work on my kids? That figures. So what now? What the FUCK HAPPENS NOW BITCH!!!!??

Outside? All of them?



you see. right in front of you. in your eyes. swollen. red with blood and heat. you can feel it radiating. smell it. traveling deep within you. you know. you want. but you can't move. it touches your lips. sliding across the bottom lip that pouts and puckers. now your chin. the sensation is intense. why can't you posses? now you feel it's heat on your chest. between your breathing breasts. the reach. but cannot posses. your skin. so much. when will it end? will it? not as the hardness crosses the flatland of your stomach. the little hairs stand on end. they also reach. it is no use. your entire body trembles then. the knowledge is firmly planted. where. now the fire crosses your belly and lingers. teasing. prompting. your own fire ensues and erupts. the scents mingle. the air catches flame. your insides burn. and hunger. the heat. the hard heat. presses now. you have no choice. you open. you cannot resist. you simply have no choice. it burns. oh god, does it burn.

i want things. i want things to work out. in the end. i want to be with you every minute of every day. and like it. i want to have deep and meaningful conversations. after intense fucking sessions that last for hours. i want to feel it in the morning. and for days afterwards. i want to explore new lands. and claim them for my own. i want you. as much as you want me. i want to see the sunrise. every morning in your arms. i want to feel your breath. on my stomach after I come in your mouth. i want to see you naked. for the first and the last time. i want to run around like idiots. naked in the sun. i want ice cold drinks. on the beach in greece. i want time alone. with you. i want to grow old. together. i want a smaller house. with less stuff in it. i want more pussy. and not the kind that meows when you touch it. i want to sing in the rain. about how you make me feel. i want lots of things. that make you happy. i want to lose myself. in your arms. i want puffy white clouds. passing through my mind. i want sandwiches when i'm hungry. in bed after eating you all day. i want to stay home. and stay in. together. i want to feel you. every single inch. i

want to disappear. and never return. i want what lovers have. down through the ages. i want to be desperately. in love with you. i want big things. for our future. i want little things. for us today. i want to be filled. to overflowing. i want to be with you. now. i want to move forward. and bring you with me. i want to forget the past. and live in the future. i want it all. reflected in your eyes. i want trouble. that we face together. i want more issues. that we can solve. i want to wear you out. in all the best places. i want to be a juggernaut. in your dreams. i want to see myself. when i look at you. i want your face. to be the first thing i see every morning. i want the stars. to cry when we are apart. i want to shake the very foundations. wherever we make love. i want god himself to turn. whenever you walk by. i want to feel. again. i want it all. don't i?

i want things to work out. in the end.



secret reads: one night, windy city

He Said:

“I knew she was going to be in Chicago for a few days. I wanted so badly to meet her there, I dumped everything and made my plans. The chance was just too great to pass up. We had never met in person before, but I knew her so well, we had that connection from the beginning. It was worth the risk, worth the chance. How would she take it? Seeing me there? I had no idea, but I had to find out.”

She Said:

“I hoped he would come to Chicago. Why do you think I mentioned it in the first place? Devious? I don’t think so, not really. It was always his choice to make. Was I nervous? You always are the first time you meet someone for the first time, especially considering what I hoped would happen. Yeah, a little nervous. But excited as well.”

He Said:

“I waited in the hotel lobby for her, I was a little early, traffic wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be. Saturday I guess. Just sat there watching people. I enjoy that, so many different types, sizes, and looks. Imagining their

lives, what they do, what their dreams and fears are... the mind wanders. I knew she’d be out of her meeting at six and head straight back to the hotel. At least I hoped she would. My heart started pounding as the minutes ticked away. Then I saw her coming through the revolving doors, I knew it was her the moment I saw her!”

She Said:

“It was a crappy day, stupid trip and stupid conference crap. But the company paid for it and the experience always looks good on the resume. I caught a cab right off and headed straight to the hotel. No plans for the night really, maybe get dinner out, see a show or something. Or maybe just curl up, order in room service and spend some time with my favorite vibrator? My coat got stuck in the revolving door for a minute and when I passed into the lobby I saw this tall handsome man approaching me, smiling this big smile... could it be...?”

He Said:

“She was more beautiful than I could have imagined. Her coat flowed around her and her hair was tousled from the wind, but those eyes were what drew me to her. When she looked up I could see the moment of confusion turn to surprise when she finally recognized me. I stood in front of her and drank in those eyes and then I saw it there, the sparkle, and the moment snapped. I grabbed her shoulders and pulled her close in a long passionate kiss. I hadn’t even said anything, this was the moment of truth.”

She Said:

“It was him! Here in Chicago!? What the fuck!? It took me a moment to switch gears and try to grasp what that meant. I was happy to see him finally of course, but... he stood in front of me and for the first time I saw more than a photograph. He was tall and solid, his face kind and his eyes deep under his eyebrows and his smile inviting. We looked at each other for a moment and I couldn’t take my eyes off his luscious lips, just imagining what they... and then he kissed me! Startled me for a moment and then I was lost.”

He Said:

“Kissing her was fantastic, her lips were so warm and soft, I pulled her closer and she felt so good in my arms. I pulled back and said hello. She smiled, I had truly surprised her. I took her bag and her hand and we walked to the elevator. I could feel her heart pounding in her hand, matching my own. In the elevator we kissed more and my hands found her back and pulled her very close. What floor? Thirteen? Damn, big cities!”

She Said:

“He is a very good kisser! In the lobby, in the elevator... I wasn’t thinking and already my pussy was soaked in anticipation of what was waiting for us in my room. The elevator ride up seemed to take forever and my hands were all over him, so strong and hard! Oh yes, he was hard. My hands were all over him, or did I say that

already?”

He Said:

“She stumbled a moment with the card. She laughed and it was like music. The room was dark but the light from the building next door provided the perfect soft light, just enough until our eyes adjusted. She was on me like wet on water and I stumbled back against the wall. Her hands were everywhere and so were mine. She was hot and I wanted her so badly. When her hands went to my belt I lost it and started pulling her clothes from her!”

She Said:

“He was driving me crazy. I couldn’t stand it anymore and did what any girl would do, I took matters into my own hands... Literally. I snapped his belt and zipped his jeans down over the growing lump in his pants. He was taking my blouse off and fumbling, just like a man, with my bra. It is always so damn sexy a moment when you pull the jeans and underwear down for the first time and release a man’s cock. What will it be like? What will it feel like, look like... and taste like? I couldn’t see it yet, but I could feel it in my hand. Hard and hot and... oh so long and thick... at that moment I was truly lost.”

He Said:

“Whoever invented bras should be taken out and shot! Who can master these things? I did get it however, I’m not a complete idiot, and it fell to the floor exposing her full and luscious breasts. Her nipples were already... oh? She surprised me, how quickly she had gotten my pants down and already had my cock in her hand. We were

still kissing almost the entire time. I pulled her skirt and panties down and then threw over my shirt and we were both finally totally naked, pressed up against each other, our heat, our smell, filled the room. I picked her up by the ass and swung her over to the bed.”

She Said:

“Oh my, being naked next to a man, especially one as ready as he was, is so fucking exciting. I about lost it when he picked me up, but I wanted to be taken, to be his to do with as he wanted, for now anyway. Maybe later it would be different. He laid me gently down and then opened my legs wide, the smile on his face when he saw my wet and waiting pussy was enough to get me started. I could already feel her tingling in anticipation. His face disappeared between my legs and I closed my eyes, my hand grabbing the back of his head and forcing him down. Like I had to force him!”

He Said:

“God her pussy tasted so sweet. My left hand wandered up to her breast and my right hand opened her lips for my tongue. I started around her thighs, kissing and biting, and roamed around the outer lips up over her mound, her hips bucked as I lightly brushed her clit and my fingers entered her, seeking those special spots and my tongue went to play of its own accord. She grew under my ministrations, fast, slow, hard, soft, it wasn’t long before she was totally mine. My cock screamed against the bed sheets, wanting her, but it would have to wait its turn.”

She Said:

“I haven’t experienced anything like it before, he played me like an instrument, I was fucking putty in his hands... and tongue. You can tell when a man loves pussy and isn’t just “doing it” to make you happy, and this man loved my pussy. And I loved him down there, I don’t know now how many times I came then, each time he would gently start up again and again and again, finally I grabbed him by the hair and pulled him to my mouth, tasting my own juices on his lips. As he slid up me I could feel his cock sliding up my leg and nestling in at the entrance to my all so sensitive and waiting cunt. That’s when he finally started talking... oh yes, the things he said to me.”

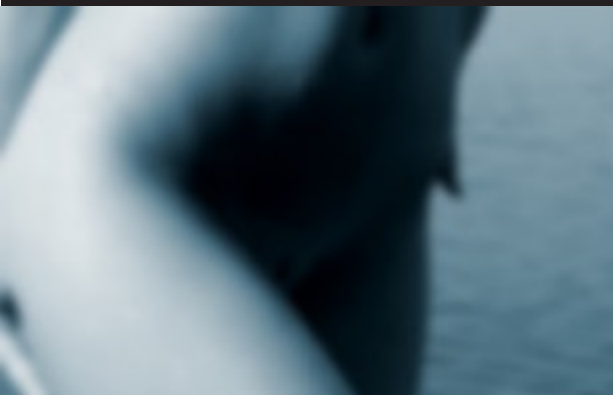
He Said:

“The rest of the night is a blur honestly. I know we did everything, some of it many, many times! I don’t know, maybe I want to keep some of it for myself, y’know? She was incredible, sexy and all so beautiful. It was a night I will always remember and treasure. Will we meet again? I hope so, I really do. I’d like that. I think she would too.”

She Said:

“I know, but the night was incredible and somethings are better left to the imagination, aren’t they? But I will say this, no matter what you are imagining, it isn’t anything close to what we did that night! When he asked me if I had brought the strap-on? I brought it... and I used it!”

DANGEROUS CURVES



I'm flying baby and they ain't no holding back now. Grab on, hold on and fasten your seat belt cause we is flying hard, fast and all so fucking furious. It's break-neck speed. Peddle to the metal and eat my dust good buddy, cause I ain't coming home to-night. I got speed on my mind tonight, terrible speed, whiplash inducing trauma that'll split your skull if you ain't careful. Call the paramedics and have them stand by. Get the smokies on the horn and set up roadblocks, but they won't help you none. My fuel-injected nightmare induced big-block V8 is roaring, revved and ready to rumble. She's got twin overhead cams and the nitrous is full and primed. Her that roar? Feel that vibration in your ass? Yeah baby,

that's power. And she's ripping the asphalt off the road and spitting into the wind. Hear her roar?

Grab onto something nailed down tight cause I'm coming for you sweetheart. Call your Daddy and get the coon dogs cause your man is back in town and ready to get down to business. Spread out the table and call the welcome wagon, the sisters at the convent, and pray up real good. Cause God himself can hear me roar, and trembles at the power I'm hiding in this baby. You can leave the crash helmet on for all I care. This here engine is running all night long and fuel is pure high-octane rocket grade sweet lightning the likes of which done went

and started World War Three. So sweet and so white that they can't tell when she's full. Oh mama I got it good and its spreading. My map is in my heart and I'm racing along highway nine shooting signs full of buckshot and hollering into the night. My love is burning me baby, setting me on fire and lighting up the leather.

Dark clouds are rolling and thunder is crashing ahead of me as I fly. My high pressure system is sweeping across the mid fucking west and the forecast calls for severe fucking rumbles in the sack. Bar the windows and head for the root cellar sex. My headlights burn the night air and the creatures of the night flee before my sonic boom. Ain't no stopping now. I done went and passed all rest stops and the

devil himself hitchhiking on the shoulder waved as I blew by. Tonight is raw. Tonight you can't hide nowhere I won't smell you out. Root you out. And have my way with you six times past infinity. Screaming into the dawn of a new day. There might be no survivors in the wreckage. Twisted and mangled and torn. The headlines read bad blood and crazed lunatic and they don't know the half of it. Love is for sissies and I plan on kicking their puny little asses into the next state. Brace yourself, cause Big Dog is rolling bitch and he's in heat, full-bore and hauling ass.

I started braking two miles back. The screech of the tires rolled into town and shattered the piano store glass. The clock tower stopped at midnight. The sheriff went home

and fucked his fat wife and children everywhere shudder in their sleep, afraid of me in their closets. It ain't gonna be pretty they say in the hills. And the valley folk done packed up for higher ground. Steaming and glowing hot I land and shout out your name. Demand is too soft a word for my tone. Barbed wire and gaurd towers ain't gonna get 'er done baby. You know better than that. You scream when you see me but your body knows what it wants. And your eyes may burn but they betray your lust. Open those goddamn legs and let's get this party started.

secret reads: sex watts per hour



I wasn't doing anything when I heard the big truck pull up outside. Typical. My plans for the rest of the day included doing nothing until later, when I would do nothing some more. I thought, if I stick to my guns, I can fully accomplish my goals. Don't get me wrong, I'm not typically a do nothing guy. Not usually. Just for today, my day off from work, I planned on doing exactly nothing. All day. Until I heard the truck pull up outside. Was it Thursday already?

Where does a week go? Is this a cosmic trick played out for my amusement? Cause it ain't working, I can tell you that. I'm not laughing. I must of gotten my calendar mixed up, because I thought it was Wednesday. They usually come to the office for Energy Service Days. Oh well, I learned long ago not to fight the government. Futile. They're bigger than you. The knock at the door followed the sound of the truck quickly. I'll give the Energy Department this much, they are effecient. I only had on a pair of sweatpants when I answered the door.

Yeah, it was them. Always four of them in their white suits and helmets, like I have some kind of disease or something. Always four, usually three men and a woman, but this time... she must be new, never saw her before. She was beautiful, brunette, with those killer sexy eyes. Y'know, my Mom called those bedroom eyes. And they are. The "leader" held out the form for me to sign and a pen to sign it with, formalities. I did, like I always do. Like everyone does. Then they shined a light in my eyes and a black device on his hip went BEEP. Retinal scan. Same as always. Then the black shiny robot rolled in with the Hose.

I call it the Hose, like most people do. I hear its a little different for the women, but I ain't never seen one of them. It is a complicated and long piece of equipment that stretches out to the truck. Lots of weird shiny attachments and blinking lights. I'm not a technical, but it always sends a shiver up your spine when you first see it. But its all for the good of the country isn't it. We all have to do our part. So I removed the sweatpants and stood there stone cold naked while the robot glides up to me. Small robot, probably about three feet tall, with long arms. It burred and made a quick scan and then with one hand it took my cock, its hands are not cold, and with the other hand inserted my cock into the Hose. Satisfied with the results it glided back outside to wait, or check on something, or buy a lottery ticket, how the hell do I know?

The entire process takes about three minutes, the door to the apartment wide open the whole time, and isn't a very erotic situation. So you always start out limp, unless you get off on this sorta thing, which I don't. But that never lasts long as the hose grips your cock and starts doing its thing on you. Let me tell you friend, you have never experienced anything like this before. In fact, I hear we're having trouble with birth rates because people are holding out for the Hose. Nah, I don't believe that either. This is simply a way to store energy, to make up for the lack of oil, to run industry and power the lights. Good for the country. And good for me twice a week! And that's a fact.

Now just because the Hose is better than any lover ever could be, don't mean you still don't want female companionship. It ain't like that at all. At least not for

me and the people I know. I can't vouch for the people in California, they can do what they want, but I still need some real natural honest to God pussy. And that's a fact Jack.

Your cock gets mighty hard real quick. And it does feel better than anything else you could ever do. The machine can "read" you, some kind of bio feedback, I know that. So it can make you feel really awesome for a very long time. All the while sucking sexual energy out of you and storing it in the battery outside in the big truck. At this point I usually sit down in my easy chair, I'm known to have gone for up to two hours at a single stretch. This must be impressive cause for most people they only bring one technician and I've had four since the first couple of times. My mind always wanders into fantasy lands when the Hose is sucking my cock. Well, it don't just suck now does it? It also has these other attachments that play with your nuts and one extension that enters your ass and tickles your prostrate. Oh boy! That's a good one. But this time I couldn't keep my eyes off the new girl. And she was given me the eye as well. It might have been my imagination, but a few times I swore she licked her lips! Hard to concentrate when you are in the throes of extreme pleasure.

On and on the Hose sucked, played and probing my nether regions. My cock was completely engulfed by the Hose so I have no

idea what was going on inside, and didn't care, when something feels so good you don't ask alot of stupid questions. I close my eyes for a minute, it is hard not too! And when I opened them again the woman in the suit was laying down in front of me completely naked with her legs spread open. This had never happened before! Her clean shaved pussy was wide open on the floor, I could see that she was wet. The robot, or another one - they all look the same, came in with another hose. This one WAS different, although in my present state at the time I couldn't really tell you how exactly. The rest of the technicians were excited about something as they were writing stuff down at a pretty fast clip. The robot did the same thing to her as it had done to me earlier and in a minute the Hose was busy working on her as well. It covered everything up pretty well, so I couldn't see much. But in addition to the anal attachment the female Hose also had breast attachments. She musta been enjoying it cause she sure was making a lot of noise.

Now I ain't never, in all my thirty-two years, heard of a woman and a man being Hosed at the same time in the same room. So this must of been some kind of expirement or something. I knew it was going to be different, cause they never offered me any sandwiches. They always bring me a ham on rye, or something. And I tell you what, it

did start to feel different all of a sudden, I could feel her, feel her heart beat and her heat. It really started to feel like I was being fucked by a Super Pussy! I don't know how else to describe it! Cause that's what it felt like! Very intense and extremely pleasurable. I glanced down at my Hose and saw that the SexWatts were flying on the dial, numbers were a blur!

Then I looked up at her and she was writhing and squirming all over the darn place. The two technicians weren't writing anything now, they was holding her down as best they could. They looked concerned about something. I was lost in rapture, I ain't never felt anything like it before. I felt like I was being fucked and I was fucking all! at the same time, every part of my body felt like it was a part of her body, I could feel what she was feeling - feel the Hose deep inside my pussy fucking me harder and harder. That's when I knew I wasn't going to last no two hours today. I could feel the king of all orgasms starting to build, in me and in her. I think this is when the other technicians showed up, but I can't be sure, y'know, cause I was busy coming and coming and coming into the Hose. Man alive, that was one killer orgasm, I don't think no living being ever experienced something like that before. Sorry. After it subsided finally, I opened my eyes and they had already removed the Hose from

her pussy. She wasn't moving. They started to carry her away and I saw the big smile plastered on her face. Creepy? I guess so, if you didn't know what we had just gone through together. And then they brought me here to go through the whole story again. For the third time.

Now where is she? Is she gonna be ok? I know, they told me that downstairs. But you see I know she's alive cause I can feel her inside me still. And you want to know something else? She's carrying my baby! That's right, write that down in your stupid report. Now, I want to see her! And I want to see her now!

Water cascades down your back and between the cheeks of your beautiful ass, as I slide up behind you. I marvel at the way the water dances along you, touching yes, but also dancing, joyous at your beauty. In celebration of you. Just as I am in awe of you. My hands lightly trace the gentle slope from your hips to your arms and slide slowly inward to grasp your wet and soapy breasts. I hear the sigh escape you then and you shiver just a bit under my touch. My body touches yours, my own skin becoming as wet as you now, and you lean slightly back into me. Now you moan as you feel my hardness between your ass cheeks, my hands playing over you, my lips find your neck and softly begin to kiss you. All is done in the lightest of touch, sensation and warm embrace. No hurry today. No rush now. Our time is our own, to do with as we will.

You lean further into me, inviting me in. I oblige and easily my cock enters you hot and all so wet, ahhhhh, your back arches a little more and you sway me deeper into you. Still slow, still all so slow and measured. Quiet. Silent. The sound of the shower the heartbeat of the world around us, reduced to this moment of time. My hands slide down your belly and pass over your mound and find me there, slowly entering and exiting your embrace. I find you then and add my fingers to the dance playing out between your lovely legs. My kisses are more urgent now as I nibble on your ear, my tongue dancing in and out and flicking here and there. Now you turn to kiss me and I feel you shake with the first tremors of a building release, the first of many this day will bring.

You turn then and our eyes meet for a moment. You do not hesitate as you lower yourself to take my throbbing cock into your mouth and lovingly give what I so desperately want. But this is not enough, not now. I pull you to your feet and lift one of your legs to the side of the bath. Locking our eyes I pull you close and enter you once again. Slowly and with measured purpose we dance. Our lips and tongues mixing with the warm water from above. The desire to move quickly, to drive deeply is controlled...barely. The tension builds and passes in a cycle that can only be slowed for so long. Again you tremble and I hold you close, feeling you through my cock buried deep inside. I continue to hold you close and linger there inside, only our muscles moving I can feel you around me, embracing me as only lovers can. Our bodies talk and our lips say the things that are reserved for private moments such as these. Our passion cannot be long contained however and we begin again to dance.

Now I say. But you deny me. Not yet. Still I grow within you. And still you deny me my release. I pull out and drop to my knees and take you into my mouth. Hard! My tongue driving you as my lips find yours and kiss them as only I can. Your hands pull at my hair, but I will not stop. I can taste the remnants of me within you and the taste drives me wild. Soon your body lets go once more and you grind into me shouting my name. Now it is you that wants me within you. Now you beg for me. I rise and resume our dance. But this dance is far from over. For tonight we are each others, and our passions will drive us into the morning sun.

slow shower.

i saw you with her.

You didn't know that I was there. But I was. I had thought to surprise you and instead it was I that was surprised. Shouldn't have been. I suppose I should have known. You hadn't kept it a secret from me, your infatuation, your desire for her. Still. Knowing it in your head and seeing it with your eyes is two different things. But I was quiet. Sneaky. Honestly I needn't have bothered. You were so intensely focused on each other you wouldn't have heard me. Heard me coming closer and standing not ten feet away behind the big Elm tree.

But the time I arrived you were both already naked, in each others arms and kissing. Hands everywhere. Bodies pressed together under the dappled sun streaming through the trees above. A bright shady place, warm and soft and natural. Just like the two of you. Shadows playing over your skin, your breasts rubbing gently across each other, hips grinding softly into the curves of the other. It was the most incredibly sensual moment I had bore witness to. My own body began to react and I slowly began to rub my growing cock beneath the fabric of my jeans. Softly at first, almost absentmindedly, and then more certain and intensely.

Your lips parted and yours found her breasts, her hands in your beautiful hair. You sucked and played your tongue around each of her nipples. I saw her hands play across your back as your kisses descended further down her trembling belly. My hands undid my belt and pushed my pants around my ankles as my now hard cock popped into the warm spring air. You dropped to your knees, your face disappearing into the shadows between her long legs. Her back arched and she let out a gasp as your hands grabbed her ass and pushed her into you. I could only imagine what you were doing to her, what I usually did to you, and my imagination drove me to stroke my cock in long, easy motions. My eyes never left you eating her pussy there in the shadows, I knew how much you were enjoying this, how much she was enjoying this and how much I was watching you both there.

Her legs parted even more and she lowered herself to you and kissed you, tasting her own juices on your glistening lips. You both fell to the ground together, onto a blanket you had brought with you. Writhing and moving, legs, ass, pussy, hands, lips and hair, all entwined and enveloped in passionate desires. My hand moved faster now and I was lost watching you end up on top of her with your dripping pussy in her face and hers in yours. You literally devoured her before me, the crazed desire in your eyes turning me on to no end. You both were lost in each other and I was lost in you both. I could feel the tremble beginning in me and I could see the trembles beginning in you, your bodies moving against each other and faces lost in hair and hands.

Now you both writhed and moved in ways beyond mortals and cries of pleasure erupted from you both, muffled by legs and asses and pussies. My own pleasure swelled within me and I quietly erupted in a powerful orgasm, jet after jet shooting forth into the forest glen. For a moment I feared you might hear, but you both were lying together and kissing softly now, hands lightly brushing skin and hair, legs gently entwined. I slowly collected myself and slowly backed into the house. There I would make us all dinner and await your return. That night would proceed as planned and I would never speak of that special moment, that stolen moment when I saw you with her. Tonight we would make our own moments, together. The three of us.



Smoking Room Adventures

In which Trevor, Thomas and Eric find themselves alone back at the Paddington Room enjoying a much deserved cigar and brandy. Much deserved indeed, given their recent naughty adventures abroad. Now, safely back in their own familiar haunts, surely they are immune to erotic missadventures. Or are they?

Our story opens just as Trevor, in a show of distinguished gentlemanly fortitude, decides against once again regaling his compatriots with his tale of the little Asian girl he saved from a Tiger while in His Majesty's service during the malaria scare of 1937. For those of you interested in a detailed account of said story, you've come to the wrong place. Which, once you've had time to reflect upon it later, will be most certainly be seen as good fortune on your part.

And so, we begin our most recent story.

"I say dear boy, good show and all

that," Eric said as he slowly exhaled a cloud of smoke in Trevor's direction, "indeed I must say a bit of good sense on your part."

This statement was greeted by assent from Thomas as well. Which in his case simply involved the slightest movement of his left eyebrow. Any more and the others would be left with no other course than to assume Thomas was indeed on fire.

Trevor simply nodded in their direction and for the next twenty-seven minutes no one moved or uttered a single word. Had you been rude enough to inquire at this time, why they had assumed a posture of immobility, the response would most assuredly been extreme quiet. These moments are taken quiet seriously and often last far longer. In fact, had it not been for the sudden entrance of the totally naked woman, the moment might have lasted much longer. As it was, the last four minutes of their

immobility included the totally naked woman, such was their dedication.

"I say Trevor old boy?" Eric said plainly, still without the merest sign of movement.

Trevor slowly turned his head in the general direction of Eric, "Wot?"

Eric took a gentleman's sip of his brandy, "I believe we have a visitor, one bereft of clothing if my eyes are to be trusted." His glass made the smallest of movements towards the young lady in question.

Both Thomas and Trevor turned in her direction, their movements much quicker and livelier than before, but still on pace with sloth's and slugs and other slow moving creatures.

"By Jove Eric, I believe you are onto something here, " Trevor said as his eyes took in the lovely form standing before him, "this young lady appears

to be without, as you say, clothing of any type. What do you make of this Thomas?"

Thomas, always a man of few words, slowly adjusted himself and blew a cloud of smoke into the ceiling.

"I must say that the sight of her is stirring things in my loins," Eric said as he too adjusted himself in a gentlemanly manner, "Should we inquire as to the reasons for her current condition?"

"By all means."

Again, the immobility of the group settled in. It only lasted for a few moments before Eric finally spoke.

"Perhaps I should inquire?" He said finally.

"By all means."

"Right." He leaned forward slightly and

addressed the naked woman, who was standing only a foot or so in front of them. "Miss?" No response. "Miss? Are you in need of some service?"

A single tear streamed from the lovely ladies eye and fell from her cheek as she answered softly, "I have been cursed." She explained. "If I am not fucked by an English gentleman before midnight, I shall turn into a dog and wander the streets eating garbage the rest of my pathetic days." Another tear fell from the other cheek.

"Good Lord!" Exclaimed Trevor, "That's only a half hour from this very moment."

The vision looked at Trevor, pleading with her eyes, "Indeed good Sirs. I am desperate."

Thomas grunted and drank the rest of his brandy.

"We are all three gentlemen young

lady, and most assuredly English. I must say you’ve come to the right place.” Eric adjusted himself again.

“Good show that.” Trevor said as he took another puff from his cigar.

“I would like to volunteer my services chaps, in light of this young ladies plight.” Eric said, leaning forward even more.

Trevor also leaned forward slightly, “Not so fast Eric old boy, I could use a bit of the old in and out myself wot.”

At that moment Thomas stood and dropped his trousers, exposing his bone white legs and a healthy, if not enormous, erect penis.

Eric leaned back in his chair, “It would seem that Thomas has different plans old boy.”

“Indeed,” Trevor said, also leaning back in his chair, “Fortune favors the

quick as it were. Have at her Thomas, you are well equipped and ready, were as I currently am not.”

Eric looked at Trevor, “My John Thomas is ready, indeed has been for some time.”

Trevor nodded, “But alas, you are still seated and Thomas is fully engaged.” In fact Thomas had shed the last of his clothes and was already approaching the young lady.

Eric looked put out and sulked into his chair. Trevor noted the dejected demeanor of his close friend and responded, “Dear boy, once Thomas is finished servicing the young lady as it were, I’d be inclined to get you off with a bit of the oral.”

This seemed to lift Eric’s spirits and he smiled slightly, “Jolly good, I could use with a bit of the oral.”

“Think nothing of it. Now let’s

encourage young Thomas.”

Thomas and the young goddess were already on the floor, Thomas furiously pounding away at her missionary style.

“It would appear that Thomas has engaged his penis into the young ladies waiting vagina... again and again.” Eric said as he sniffed his brandy.

Trevor looked down, “That is the traditionally accepted method wot.”

Eric looked at Trevor, “Old boy? Must we wait for a bit of the oral?”

Trevor seemed a bit put off by Eric’s question, “Think of this young lady Sir! Only moments remain until the stroke of midnight, and if I know Thomas and his ejaculation pattern, he’s going to need every second!”

Eric lowered his head, “You’re right of course.”

“No need for apologies, watching these two go at it has risen my dander as well... perhaps a return favor on the oral then?”

“Splendid idea old boy!”

“It’s settled then.”

And so time passed slowly as Thomas continued to pound away at the beautiful young lady there in the Paddington Room.

Eric looked at the grandfather clock, “Dear boy? You may want to release at some point shortly, the hour is at hand.”

Indeed at that very moment the clock began striking loudly.

Trevor peered closely at the two, “I do believe the young lady is close to an orgasm wot.”

Eric agreed, “Indeed, but will it aid

Thomas or distract him?”

“Ah, that remains to be...” Just then a howl was heard and a scruffy mongrel was beneath Thomas, who still managed a few strokes before the frightened dog scampered away.

“Blast!” said Eric, “We were too late. I knew that I should have been the one to properly fuck the poor young lady.”

“Perhaps.” said Trevor, “But now we must concern ourselves with poor Thomas and his incomplete condition.”

“Pardon me, you are so right Trevor. Damn my eyes for not seeing it sooner.” Eric motioned to Thomas to come forward and he took his cock in his mouth and began sucking.

Trevor leaned back and took a drag of his fine cigar, “Ahh, now that’s a good cigar.”

I awoke with a start and sat up in bed. Bad dream. Falling or something... no, that wasn't it. I had heard something, a sound. But the house was quiet now. Dark. Peaceful. I could see the outline of my love sleeping soundly next to me under the covers, the rise and fall of her chest calming me. It had to have been part of the dream after all. I pulled the covers up and snuggled back up against her warm naked body. Already drifting back into sleep when it grabbed my leg.

I froze in terror, my heart skipped several beats, as my brain tried to process what had just happened. A warm slimy thing was wrapped around my ankle, almost snake like... That must be what it was. Somehow a snake had gotten into the house and was wrapped around my leg! Finally my brain caught up with my heart and together they signaled panic, my leg tried to push the snake off but it wouldn't let go. It was then that I felt another snake on my chest. I tried to raise myself up but the snake pushed me back! This was no snake. Something else was going on here. It was then that the first real chill of fear entered my mind. I tried to turn to wake my love but I could not move my body. My head would turn and as I did so I saw them. Half a dozen or more tentacles, dark in the half light of night, moving over the covers, over us.

I yelled her name and she awoke with a start, but they

had her and she was caught as I was. She looked over at me with panic in her eyes and saw it reflected in my own. I told her to lie still and maybe they would go away. But I didn't believe that. One of the tentacles started pulling the covers down from over us and exposed our naked bodies to the night. I could see the tentacles holding on to her and could only imagine that the same was happening to me. I began to feel funny then and asked her if she was ok. She replied that she was starting to feel funny as well. I can't really describe the feeling in detail, but a kind of pleasant euphoria enveloped me. A detached sense of self, a feeling that everything was going to be fine washed over me, and I imagine her as well. But deep down inside I was screaming in fear and panic. What was this? And what were its intentions with us?

I didn't have long to wait for part of the answer. I could see that two of the tentacles had hold of her legs and they slowly pulled them up and apart. Another tentacle appeared, this one was different than the others. They were dark and slimy, but this one had a bright red tip on the end that glistened in what little light there was in the room. I saw it slowly move in between her legs and she arched her back and let out a small scream. That was the last sound that either of us made for a long time. Whatever it was that was making us feel this way also had rendered us mute. I saw her body trembling and I knew that the red tipped tentacle was fucking her. Her eyes looked at

me and the panic was gone, replaced with a pleading look of pleasure. Seeing her like that caused me to start to stir, as my cock began to grow hard watching the tentacle fuck her. Then I felt something envelope my cock, looking down at myself was difficult without raising my head, but I could just make out a tentacle taking hold of me. This one had an opening on the end and it slowly eased down over my cock until it had disappeared inside of it. Immediately the most intense sensation of pleasure rippled through my body. If this was what she was experiencing then no wonder she had had that look in her eyes. We were both being fucked by tentacles and were both enjoying it like nothing else we had ever experienced.

The tentacles holding us now rolled us both over on our sides facing each other. Our bodies were writhing in pleasure, almost uncontrollable, freakish pleasure. Then I felt something thin and slimy probing my ass and then slipping inside slowly and warmly. I could tell from her eyes that the same thing was happening to her as well. Now we were being fucked in every hole we had, my cock firmly being sucked by one of the things. My body was not my own. It moved and writhed and shook from the dual pleasures, the tentacle in my ass was firmly playing with my prostrate and driving me nearly insane. As my body moved I saw something in the corner of the room. Indistinct and darkly shadowed, the only feature that I can be sure of actually seeing was a single large staring eye. The

few brief glimpses that I was able to muster filled me with a deep and primal dread, what was to become of us?

But all thoughts of evil purposes were fleeting as the intensity of our ordeal grew ever more, escalating to levels that perhaps no human had ever experienced before us. In fact the pleasure was so great as to be almost painful. Lying on our sides I could more easily see the tentacle entering her pussy, pulsing and throbbing and working within. Our bodies were covered in sheets of sweat, her eyes were glazed and vacant, much as I suppose mine were as well. My last truly conscious thought was of my love for her, then everything exploded and I lost the ability to think clearly. I cannot describe to you the pure white light of intense pleasure that swept over me as I could feel the orgasm building within me. My cock seemed to be outside of my body as it began to pulse and throb with building release. I could feel nothing but the overwhelming desire to let go and be the power of that thought, that simple pure thought that... Oh god! Wave after wave after wave I poured forth myself into the loving tentacle, my soul poured forth and it lovingly and gingerly milked me of every last drop that I had to give it. Multiple times in orgasmic waves I came and came until I was totally spent. My eyes fluttered open and I saw that she was still in the grips of her own orgasmic climaxes. It was at the height of extreme mind-numbing pleasure that the first prick

was felt, distant and remote I could feel something sharp and clean enter the skin of my cock, like thousands of tiny needles. I loved these tentacles, I wanted them to stay with me forever.

My love for the tentacles was so profound and deep that it was with joy and exceeding happiness that I watch her lifted above the bed. The sweet and loving tentacles were all over her, at her breasts, in her ass and pussy, around her neck as they lifted her gently and lovingly and moved her as I started to also rise. Now I could see the eye more clearly and I loved it as well, my mind was not my own I admit, I floated above my body, watching as the tentacle around my cock pumped something red and warm from my body. I felt myself slipping away, floating away and became detached as a red slit opened below the great staring eye. The slit grew ever wider and revealed thousands of thin needle sharp teeth. The warmth of it washed over me and welcomed me and I loved the creature more than I had ever loved anything before. I watched my love enter its maw, the teeth working up her legs to her pussy and beyond. Her head fell back and I could see the beautiful smile on her face as her head disappeared into the loving creature with a warm spray of blood. Now I could feel the warm lips opening for me, I smiled as well, loving that I could be loved so much. And then the doorbell rang.

night of terror

The rest I don't remember until a few hours ago when I awoke here in the hospital. I believe you when you say I've been out for six months, I do, but for me it has been only minutes. Just blurs and emotion and shapes really. My wife? I just explained to you... No, you don't believe me do you? No sign? She died happier than anyone has ever been I can tell you that much. Oh... You haven't seen any tentacles around the hospital have you? I have to find them, they love me and I love them. No! You don't understand, I must have the tentacles!! There!! There in the corner of the room! No? Why are you restraining me, I must get home, they'll be waiting for me. I need to be loved. Truly, truly loved.





secret reads: by the road in woo

And the land of Woo my dear friends, is a paradise of sexual pleasures unimaginable.

I knew that would get your attention. You see, I was traveling from Beijing

Distinguished and honored guests gather round. Come, gather round the table. That's it. Please, please sit, drink and relax. You are all my friends here tonight. Relax and I will tell you of my journey in the land of Woo. Never heard of it? Not surprising really. Not surprising at all. You see, the land of Woo exists not on any map made by man. There are no location signs, or roadmaps. It is not written about in the pages of history or in any written form at all. But it does exist. Oh yes. Indeed it does.

to Hohhot to see the magistrate on business. My companions were few as I could not afford to travel in luxury, and besides the roads at this time were not safe for foreigners. There were three of us, myself and two porters and several horses between us. As it was, we stood out like a sore thumb. One of the porters was armed and trained in military tactics. Or so I was led to believe. With hired help, who can be sure? As it turned out, I need not have worried. The first three days on the road were uneventful. Travel by day and sleep in a roadside inn or home or field at night. But on the fourth day we encountered a landslide that had washed away the only road. Or so I thought. The porters were excited and talked amongst themselves before coming to me to suggest an alternative path around the mountains. They were nervous, it was obvious, but would not respond when I asked them. With little choice I agreed to the new direction.

It was obvious that the new path, for it was not really a road, was not often traveled and wound through a desolate valley. We made good progress however before we were bombarded by a torrential downpour. The rain was so heavy it reminded me of the monsoons in Indonesia. Darkness was falling quickly in the gloom and we could barely make out the light of a single building in the distance. My companions nervousness increased dramatically when they spotted this light and my curiosity was aroused. But still they would not answer me. Soaked to the bone we made for the light. From the distance the outline of the house had appeared small, but that was only a trick of the rain and the darkness. As we approached you could easily begin to see that the building was mammoth in scale. Easily fourteen stories tall and as wide as it was tall. We huddled under the portico and I banged on the door. You couldn't hear the knocking over the

sound of the rain, but shortly the door opened slowly and a warm, welcoming light issued from within. I began to enter when my two companions made a last attempt to stop me. I shrugged them off and they remained outside in the storm. I thought them fools for turning down a warm and dry night of sleep.

The door quickly closed behind me and I was left standing, dripping, in a large beautiful decorated room. Chinese murals hung from all four walls, depicting various scenes of men and women engaged in every conceivable act of sexual congress. I started to turn back to the door when a woman's voice stopped me. It was the most amazing voice I had ever heard, obviously Chinese, but speaking in perfect English. "Welcome to the land of Woo stranger. All who travel are welcome here." I turned but the room was still empty. I asked for the voice to show herself. "We have rules here in Woo Sir. The most important of which is our hospitality, unequaled in all the world. But the second most important is that no one can enter the land of Woo wearing clothing." Her words stirred my heart in ways no other woman's voice had ever done, I trusted that voice. "It is your choice of course. But we have hot food, warm beds and much... much more." Without thought of modesty or decorum I began to shed my clothes and piled them by the door. It didn't take me long to become as naked as the day I was born. Immediately the murals parted and fifteen or twenty beautiful naked women appeared and streamed into the room.

Several of them bore warm towels with which they began to vigorously dry my wet body. Others carried trays of steaming food and drink, so much that it was difficult to taste a single item. They were all strikingly beautiful and

it wasn't long before I was feeling my old self again, peaceful and aroused. Right there in the lobby, under the ministrations of these beautiful naked women, my cock responded and grew hard. This elicited smiles from the ladies and several kissed it softly. Then they began to rub a sweet warm oil all over me with their hands, over my entire body. It tingled and caused my skin to become very sensitive. I squirmed a little when one of their hands started to stroke my ass and I let out a little yelp when their fingers probed my asshole. This caused several of them to giggle silently. They had not said a single word the entire time and my questions were only met only with silence. It was, up until that point, the most incredibly erotic event of my life.

Then one of them took my hand and they all led me through one of the murals into another room. This one was smaller but even more decorated than the last. The entire room was built around a large round central bed, luscious in pillows and coverings. The lighting was darker and more erotic and the murals on the round wall seemed to move and dance in the gaslight. I was urged to lie on the bed and I did so, my mind racing as to the potential of the evening. Three of the women joined me and began rubbing me and massaging me. Their hands were soft and I began to feel very relaxed. They worked slowly over my entire body, but never once did they touch my throbbing and begging cock. This made the moment even more erotic for me and I was literally straining for some attention there. This is when the voice came back and said, "I hope you find our accommodations to your liking stranger. We get so few visitors these days. As your hostess I will be with you shortly." Again the voice was so filled with sexual energy that I almost wept I desired it so much.

Time seemed to stand still in this place. There were no windows and everything seemed to slow down and become much more intense and bright and alive. For the next uncountable minutes I was treated to food, wine, dancing, smiles, light kisses and more, all brought by the most beautiful naked women I had ever seen. But it was obvious they were all being careful not to touch me in certain places. I could only imagine why this would be so. Twice my own hands went to my cock to gently stroke it and each time my hands were gently removed and placed back at my side. Then deep within the building I heard a gentle gong sound and all of the ladies disappeared into hidden doorways and I was left alone, spread eagle and happy, on the bed.

“My name is Woo, and this is my land.” I didn’t hear her enter the room and for some reason I was so relaxed at this point that I could not bring myself to raise my head. I introduced myself to her and asked to see her beauty. I felt her move to the side of the bed and I turned my eyes and then I did cry friends, for there, standing in front of me, was the most incredibly beautiful woman on the planet. She was beauty incarnate. Perfect in every way. Her face shone with an inner fire, her breasts rose perfectly from her ivory skin and the blonde tuft of hair between her legs did nothing to hide the swollen red and wet lips of her sex. I could smell her sex and it was driving me wild with desire, my entire body, soul and spirit wanted her. “Do you like what you see?” I responded and told her that she was the most lovely thing I had ever seen. She smiled and said, “It is my gift to give you tonight, the most incredible sexual experience that any man has ever had. But, as with all things in the universe, a balance must be reached. The scales must be equal. Or, in your parlance, everything comes with a

price. True?” I would have nodded yes if she had been a black widow spider out to eat me alive afterwards. “Good. Know this then. The price must equal what is given and must be given freely and of your own will. How say you?” At this her hips opened slightly as she thrust them forward and I would have agreed to anything she asked of me.

Like the wind she rose over me and straddled my chest. Her face lowered and she kissed me, electric current sped throughout my body and I kissed her sweet lips back. In hindsight I would remember the rush of wind escaping from my chest and the hollow feeling deep within me, but that would be later. For now all I knew was that I wanted her more than life itself. She slowly lowered herself down my chest and I could suddenly feel the fire burning between her legs. Her pussy literally took my cock and pulled it deep inside of her. I nearly passed out from pleasure as the room swam and my vision became blurry. She had the most amazing control of herself, more than could be possible for any other woman, and her pussy pulsed and throbbed and tugged and massaged my cock in ways I had never dreamed of. Her hand lowered behind her and her fingers found my asshole and began fucking me there as well. Her lips were sucking my nipples and her body was part of me and I part of her. It wasn’t long, or was it, before I could feel myself starting to orgasm. My mind left my body and I could see us there on the bed from above. Wave after wave of supremely intense orgasmic pleasure washed over me, like the ocean pounding away at the surf. I shot red hot fire into her again and again, I thought I might never stop. And I didn’t and neither did she. My cock stayed hard under her ministrations and once again she played me back towards more intense sexual pleasure. This was to become the nature of my

evening with Mistress Woo. A night that seemed to last for an eternity.

At some point during the night, after having had sex in every position known to man and a few I didn’t think were possible, with her and sometimes with some of the other women, I finally passed out and fell into a deep and abiding sleep. I did not dream but when I awoke I was back in the lobby fully clothed just as the door opened. Her voice came to me then, but she was not to be seen, “Farewell stranger. Be sure to tell your friends about us.” And I swear to this day that I detected a small laugh afterwards. The door opened onto a bright and sunny day and I walked from the House of Woo back into the world.

My porters were no where to be seen and so I made my way back towards Beijing. I must stop here for a moment my friends and skip part of the story. Yes, I know, I do have a taste of the dramatic. But can you blame me? This is, in so many ways, the story of my life. My one big story.

You see, this all happened exactly as I have told you, with one exception. When. For you see, this happened to me four hundred years ago. I see the look of disbelief on your faces and I understand. I would feel the same way. But it doesn’t change the truth of it. When I ventured back into the world I found it had changed dramatically from when I had left it, for what I thought was only a night. It was strange and weird and alien. Machines were everywhere, on roads, in the air... it took some time for me to understand what had happened. And even longer for me to see that the time slip was not the price that I had paid for that “night” in the land of Woo. What was the price you ask? The price is two fold my beautiful lady

friends. The first part was my eternal soul. Mistress Woo is eternal and lives off of taking the souls of those who stay with her. Yes, I am damned. I know, you don’t believe in souls in this day and age. Mores the pity for you I think. But then that makes the next part so much easier. Because now I am eternal as well, I cannot die as long as I have souls to live off of. But I am the anti-Woo, the balance of the scales. Didn’t you wonder why all of you are female? But it isn’t pleasure that I bring my dears. The universe must be balanced, the scales must be equal.

Now relax my sweets, this will only hurt for a short time.

wheels



the old indian stretched forth his hand and encompassed the land, turned to me and stared through me. this land is before you and behind me, he said. an eagle flew out of the sky and screamed. go ahead and jump said Yoko Ono. i'm scared. the eastern seaboard is stretched before my eyes. blind I stare into the sun. and blindly it stares back at me. mocking me and the land that lies before me. wheels. that's all we are the indian said. laughing he got a job at wal-mart pissing into the coffee. turning wheels. spinning nowhere and headed for somewhere new. landslides of the soul. pouring forth and burying villagers beneath us. sweep across that land. but chance not the dream. wheels. that's all we are said the little boy stepping into the bus, his hand on the trigger. this land is made for you and me. conjunction junction what's your function. i have not but turning wheels. pounding away on the hot streak of black. traveling where. just that and nothing more can be said. the quail turns to me and says, wheels, that's all we are. as the buckshot passes him by and strikes another target. this land. the land of my heart. turning in place. Yoko Ono just laughs through the tears. did you understand the music Yoko or was it all in vain.

{I grab you and pull you close to me and whisper sweet words of love and passion and desire and future worlds where we are together forever and ever and our hearts pound away trying to embrace locked in a prison of flesh and bone you are mine and i am yours.}

just wheels. spinning round and round. the land frosts over and the trees all turn brown. in the end the indian fades into a casino owner. the knife blade glints in the light of the sun. naked i stand shivering in the falling snow. the bear hugs me and whispers, its all wheels my human friend. true enough as i scamper back into the trees. life is a limited time offer. one you can't refuse. and with a zero chance of long-term success. the eagle laughs as he's sucked into the turbine. i see now. it goes round and round. like a merry-go-round. some of us puke. some cling to the middle. and some few stretch forth their arms and dare the bold centrifugal forces of nature. smiling. the dark stain spreads and the soldier says tell my wife i love her. it's all wheels baby.

{the priest looks out and speaks the magic words and heaven opens for a moment and two hearts are welded together by cosmic magic forces never to be broken. or some shit like that.}

the land is before you and behind me, said the laughing indian. to which i shrugged and walked out of the theater into the bright light of a new day. fuck it then.

this is for you

In the dark I would be alone. Often the blanket of sadness would cover me and madness would seep into my brain. I would claw at my head and scream aloud. What is it? Why me? A common refrain I am sure. But for me it was mine. Alone at night. Alone again at night. Madness would come near and tease me. I would hold onto a light in the dark. A single spark that warmed my sanity. Through the tears and the cries of agony I would hold tight and fast. I could not let go. I could not see. The light was you. And you were meant for me.

When the eyes would cut and the mouths would stab and break. I saw you. When the backs were turned and whispers ran around the air. I could see you. I knew that somewhere you were waiting. That in the dark of my soul, that spark was not lost. The shadows danced. But without light there are no shadows. I waited. And wept. Alone at night.

Alone at night I stood upon that bridge. I looked down into the Stygian black of the waters below. They called to me. They called to me to be free. But their words rang hollow. They tempted and I nearly leapt. But for your light. I saw you and wept. You were so far away from me. Alone that night I stepped back from the despair. If only for a moment. You saved me. You never knew.

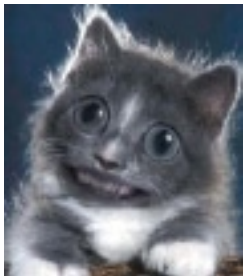
Shadows passed and moments came. Those times when I thought things would never be the same. The spark grew all so dim. But it would not extinguish. It would not die. It kindled there inside. And at night I was still alone. Always alone. And I cried. I clawed at the madness inside. The voices in my head. My voices. My heart broke a thousand times. And still the spark would not cease. It burned down low. In the basement of my soul. I cried to God. And silence was my reward. Still through Hell itself the spark would not go out. Stubborn and resolute. Alone at night in the company of fools.

Sadness still and overwhelming. A tide of darkness so deep. And black as night. The spark stirred and leapt within. I saw you in your skin. That day when you turned. The shadows pulled aside. And in your hands I realized the spark was now ablaze. My voices dimmed. The madness turned and fled. You saved me anew.

Alone at night I dream awake. I stir memories from old forgotten attics in my mind. You dance. I am not alone. My skin burns from the flame. My hopes cannot complain. You call to me. Things will never be the same. In the dark I would be alone. Now I cry anew. Over the ages. Over lost love. Over second chances. I reach out in the dark and touch your face. Then you disappear without a trace. Not yet. And still the spark will not ebb, nor die.

I wait. Alone at night. And I cry.

But I know love. And now I know why.



Skippy, the Fluffy Fucker

Good morning Mr. Sun. Good morning Sky and puffy white clouds. Good morning Miss Tree. Giggle. Ah, every morning was the same in LaLaLand for Skippy the Fluffy Fucker. He awoke happy and smiling at the world around him. His home was a sweet hole in the largest chestnut tree in LaLaLand. That always made him laugh, cause Skippy was a chest nut himself! HaHa! His morning porridge had been just right and Skippy was ready for a new day. He set out from the tree with a song in his heart and a skip in his step and said good morning to everyone he met.

To those he encountered on the road into Cushy Village, Skippy was a friend to all. He was, like most people in LaLaLand, short, round and all so very fluffy and soft. His big round eyes looked out on the world with curiosity and happiness, spreading joy wherever he went. Cause Skippy was a happy person and happy people are the best. Yes Sir. Good morning Mr. Flippy, said Skippy when he passed the mailman. Good morning Skippy, said Mr. Flippy. Everyone

loved Skippy. Especially girls.

Cushy Village was just down the flowered path from the chestnut tree and today Skippy was feeling especially horny. Like every morning Skippy had awakened with a huge happy morning boner. Morning boners are the best. But this mornings boner was especially nice and Skippy had decided to save it for his very special friend Lola Bunny. Lola had a chest Skippy was nuts for. But it was Lola's sweet pussy that was on his sweet mind right now. Soft, sweet pussies are the very best. They make everyone happy. Everybody knows that.

Skippy knew that Lola worked nights in the strip club on Frolic Lane, so he skipped in that direction. She should be just getting off from work this morning. Lola loved her work and all the critters in LaLaLand loved Lola's work too. Isn't that special? Lola was a very special dancer and she made a lot of people happy. Skippy stopped several times along the way to smell the flowers and enjoy the warm morning air. Even when Skippy was very horny he always took time to enjoy the natural wonders of nature. And that's the way we all should be, don't you agree?

Good morning Lola, said Skippy when he saw her leaving the strip club. She smiled and said good morning to Skippy. I have a very special boner for you this morning, said Skippy with a smile, want to fuck? Lola laughed and her beautiful

breasts bounced to and fro, of course Skippy, she said. Hand in hand they went skipping towards Lola's house, which was just around the corner from the strip club. Convenience is important. Especially when you want to fuck. Lola's house was very sweet, she always made alot of money dancing. Having a good job is also very important.

Inside Skippy didn't waste any time and started kissing Lola. Lola kissed Skippy back. It is always best when your kisses are returned. Lola's paws touched Skippy's boner and Skippy smiled. Having your boner touched always makes you smile. And Skippy was busy too! His paws where all over Lola's ass, her perky breasts and most of all, fingering her sweet pussy. Lola liked that best of all. These two critters were very happy as they fell onto Lola's bed together. Lola ended up on top of Skippy and slowly she lowered herself over Skippy's raging boner. Lola's sweet hot pussy opened and welcomed Skippy's boner nicely, right inside. Snuggly and cuddly her pussy loved Skippy's hard cock. Skippy loved to have his cock inside of Lola. Of all things, that was simply the best of all.

For awhile Lola bounced up and down on Skippy's cock and sweet slurpy sounds filled the morning air. Ahhh. Fucking is so much fun! But trying different positions is even more fun, so Skippy spun Lola around and started fucking her from behind. Lola smiled. She knew this very special position would tickle her G-spot and make her very

happy indeed. So happy that Lola lost her fucking mind for awhile. Skippy did too and was pounding Lola's furry ass very hard and fast. It wasn't long before Mr. Orgasm showed up. Mr. Orgasm is always welcomed. Lola screamed funny words and Skippy called to the Maker before he started shooting sweet hot cum inside of Lola. Lola's pussy spasmed and grabbed hold of Skippy's cock as Mr. Orgasm worked on her as well. Giggle. Sharing Mr. Orgasm is the best too!

Skippy and Lola fell together into each other's arms and kissed. But Skippy wasn't finished yet, no Sir! Skippy wanted some of that sweet hot pussy. So he scooted down and started licking Lola's pussy. Lola smiled. That scamp Skippy! She spread he legs wide as she felt Skippy's tongue on her lips. Skippy loved the taste of Lola's pussy, especially with his own cum on her. Pussy tastes good. Eating pussy makes everyone so happy. It wasn't long before Mr. Orgasm showed up again, this time just for Lola. But that's ok. Making other people happy makes us happy too. Sharing is fun.

The rest of the day was spent doing it over and over again in many different ways. Other critters visited and joined in the fun too. But that's a story for another time. Skippy the Fluffy Fucker and Lola the strip club dancer were very happy and sexually fulfilled that day. Yeah. In fact, it would be safe to assume, they lived happily ever after.



SECRET READS: NIGHT END

The rain pelted him as he exited the taxi on 42nd street. It had been like this since he had left Chicago earlier that afternoon. This trip to New York was a last minute one and had not been welcomed. He had business to attend to at home and a marriage that was in ruin. This had not been the best of times. And the blasted rain didn't make it any better. He was soaked to the bone as he entered the hotel lobby. At least his company had the good sense to put him up at a good hotel. He would only be here for the night, but clean sheets and a warm bed seemed all he could hope for.

They say that bad luck follows bad and tonight it was going that way for him. His room was not yet ready and so he waited still shivering in the hotel lounge, nursing his Grey Goose and Tonic and trying to dry off. It was still early so the lounge was mostly empty of patrons. A few early birds for a show later on or off Broadway. A

couple of salesmen after a hard day of selling something that no one probably wanted. And her.

I want you to fuck me. I want you to fuck me like I have never been fucked before. She told me this in my ear, her hot breath tingling the little hairs there. No one ever spoke to me that way before and my heart became a furnace at her words. And now I was fucking her, my cock sliding wetly in and out of her hot cunt. Beating my balls against her ass. Fucking harder than I had ever fucked before. Her breasts scooted up and down her chest to my thrusts, her head back screaming God knows what, her hair matted with sweat and dirt and earthly things. I laid waste to her. My engorged cock was a monster, a thing outside myself. I knew not what it, or I, was doing. My ass clenched behind me and I could feel a single line of sweat running down my back, across my left ass cheek and drip onto my calf.

She was beautiful in her prom dress, so sweet and so scary. I was frightened out of my mind. The prom has been over almost an hour and here we were, together, alone. And she had that look in her eye. I had never seen a real woman with that look, only those up on the silver screen or on television. What did she see in me? My knees were knocking and she is leaning in... a kiss? I hope I know how. So soft, her lips and so warm. My hand is on her leg. Her leg is bare and so soft, my God I had no idea how soft. Her breath so warm on my mouth. My knee stops knocking as her hand steadies it... roughly, slowly sliding upwards. I think, do I really think? My arm pulls her closer and her hand lightly brushing my hardening cock. That's it! She'll run away now. But she pulls me closer and takes one of my hands and places it on

her breast. So that is what one feels like?

Alright. This is it, slide slowly don't rush it. Her skin tastes so good on my tongue. They like when you take your time. Remember in the Meaning Of Life, Don't just jump to the clitoris! You don't want to be a fool. Ah, now for the moment of truth. I think I should kiss and lightly bite the inside of her leg, that might be different. Ahh, she seemed to like that. I want to make her feel good. As good as she makes me feel. I can smell her already. It seems that smell goes right into my brain doesn't it? Like a trip wire that her pussy is tugging on. I'm too close to see it. I'll have to find my way with my tongue. Amazing. Hmmm, there, I've got my bearings. Let me try this.. ahhh? Yes, that made her shake a little. And now this? Ahhh, not as much, but if I used more of my lips... there, that really got her hips moving. Maybe a finger or two, so wet she is, and so hot inside. Feel that? Pay attention to that. Rub that, easy!! It isn't a race, take your time. We have plenty of time.

But sweetheart, its been so long since... I know you're tired, so am I, but... yes, we do have to get up early tomorrow. I'll be quick I promise. How about if I just do you tonight? No, I don't mind. Really. I can just rub one out in the shower tomorrow morning. What do you mean? How the Hell do you think I get through this?! I'm not a fucking priest! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to yell. You're my wife and I love you. Its been almost a year... no, you were sick and we did have the move... nine months ago. I - I'm sorry, perhaps you are right. We do have to get up early tomorrow anyway. This weekend? Ok, that sounds fair. Good night. I love you too.

They laughed at me, everyone knew about it. The whole school was talking about it. But I had to get up and answer the question. I tried to cover it with my hands. If it hadn't been for Roger snickering in the back and then throwing the paper wad. I forgot for a moment and spun around. Right in front of Susan Blakely the hottest girl in school. "Ewwww, he's got a BONER!!!"

I've watched you in the showers, your cock is beautiful and so big. Have you ever measured it? No? Would you let me measure it? Can I see it? I'll let you see mine. See? C'mon, you can see mine, let me see yours? Ahhh, isn't that better. Can I just touch it? Hmmm, so hard, so beautiful. Want to touch mine? Oh, that feels so good. Your hands are so nice. What? You want to kiss me? Please. Let's get out of these clothes. I'd love for you to suck my cock, feel how hard it is in your hand? Have you ever sucked a cock before?

Not again please, I'm so tired. God you've worn me out baby! I've lost count, you're a fucking machine. Literally. I can't believe you're hard again. Can we just talk for a minute? C'mon, lie down here. I have something I need to tell you. I love you. And... well, my name isn't Patty... it's Christie.

The rain continued to pound and the woman stared at him with lust in her eyes from across the lounge. He could feel her desire through his wet clothes. Your room is ready Sir. He turned and nodded. They say that bad luck follows bad. Tonight he would sleep well and be rested for his important meeting. The Arab's have a saying, the past is dead. If so, are we not all haunted?

continued next page

secret reads: power awoke with dark purpose

power came on the wind and dwelled in the house of her body, a dark shadow of purpose and determination on the wings of inevitable chance. the blood boiled and spilled forth, changes coursed and altered, shifting never to return. on chance destiny and in special purpose forever cast and opened to a powerful need. so far unfulfilled. and empty. but desired and hungry.

Rachel was seventeen today. She was determined in many ways. Determined not to grow up to be like her Mother, a woman she did not respect in any way. Weak and simple. She was determined to be someone, herself, learned and strong, independent. To make her mark on the world. She listened to the inner voice more than anything from the outside world. Her Father was a ghost, an empty shell. Her friends were night and shadow. Today Rachel was seventeen. Today she would be a woman.

She laughed when her Mother gasped at her outfit. Threw her head to the wind and rolled her eyes. Independence worn on her sleeve like a badge of honor. Subtly was for old people. Rachel screamed and pushed down. The doorbell rang. Tom was here for her

and she was here for him. A ghost said something as she sprang from the door, but ghosts matter not. The blood burned. And life called. Her life. Her choices.

power awoke and smiled. the tendrils of hunger flowed through her veins and begged for purchase. the night cried and desire screamed its song against the walls of her heart. fluttery and primal. needs not to be ignored. so far unfulfilled. empty. but full of purpose and portent.

She laughed at the wind in her hair. Four months of dating the school quarterback and he would be the one. Planned, chosen and determined. He fit. He would do. Her life laid out in front of her like a map, directions provided. She smiled at her inner voice and kissed the driver. Her hand fell to his crotch and stroked his cock. A question smothered and plans altered to her plan. The car switched lanes and headed into the wood. Outdoor spirit and open to the night.

The stars shown as the lights died. The open convertible mirrored her open blouse and his mouth devoured her breasts. She moaned the way she had seen them moan. And her hands moved about him. She knew the

way. The key to the map of her life had been written. More kissing and tongue and groping and soon they were exposed to the night. Flesh stared at flesh. Her eyes burned as she took his throbbing and hungry cock into her mouth. The hardness pulsing in her throat. She tasted him. Prepared him. Ate him with passion.

power smiled and sang loud. the throbbing pounding buried the sounds of her inner voice. planned and destiny, mere chance and random nature. power was hers now. and opened the doors to her soul. opened her up and prepared its nest. so far unfulfilled. so far empty. the hunger grew unbearable.

Rachel let his cock pop from her mouth and leaned back against the door of the car. She caught his eyes and watched them watch her slowly open her legs. Her virgin pussy glistened in the light of the stars. His lips glistened with the light of his desire. She pulled him slowly up herself and felt his weight settle upon her. Kissing and biting her hands found his ass and pushed him hard against her. His cock burned between her legs and her pussy cried to be filled with him. His inexperience would not stop her as she

reached below and took hold of him.

Slowly she guided him to her waiting portal and slowly she waited while he pushed against her. She felt his head push aside her lips and slide so fully into her. A moments hesitation and a sharp report of momentary pain and he slid easily in. Deep. She moaned and a single tear fell from her eye. Now he moved awkwardly at first, but her hips guided his motion and a rhythm developed quickly. So full. Her body felt his body within her, she felt completed and fulfilled. His cock felt incredible moving there, her lips pulling in and out with him. She had known, but had never known. She was lost.

power screamed in ecstasy and joy. its wings of shadow tickled the head of this intruder welcoming it and its seed. deliver unto me and i will make you immortal. power reached out to his young mind and clouded thought and reason, leaving only passion and desire. it wanted and would not be denied. power had come to rest for it's own purpose. mapped by no one and expected only by chance.

Rachel screamed silently as sweat broke on her skin. Her own body grabbed and pulled at his, deeper, stronger, I need you. Her hips ground against his as his now rock-hard cock pounded her pussy. She felt the opening spread and felt her insides burning with an angry fire. Her eyes rolled back into her

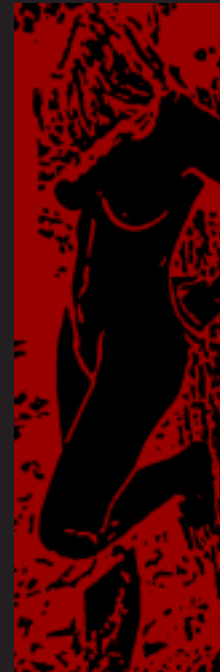
head and her body shook with her first true orgasm. The trembles and pulses traveled the length of his member and ignited his own fire. At first she thought he had stopped, until the heat of his cum shot into her again and again and again, filling her up and making her loose her mind. She bit down on her own tongue as wave after wave of him flowed within and through her.

Spent she almost passed out there with the full weight of him collapsed upon her. She smiled at the first step of her journey. Of her independence. Her mature life awaited and she would be in control now. In her mind she spat on her parents, their lives were not to be her life. She would write the pages of history. And Rachel would be her own star.

power sucked his seed into its nest already the die was cast and the choice made. the strongest and fastest would survive the trials. the joy of the winner as its own death would ignite another life. already divided the multiplication began. a soul flew down on the wings of power and settled into its new home. random chance. dark purpose. life no longer unfulfilled. no longer empty.

Rachel laughed again. But this time, now that her plan had been carried out, the laugh was hollow. Something unexpected was different. The boy beside her barely looked at her. She felt without purpose and her map was cloudy. A stir and a all so slight flutter

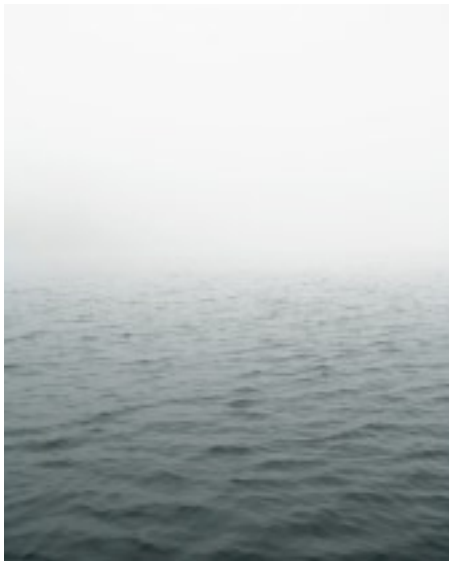
deep within her belly. This boys cum still pouring from within her and soaking her panties. Her hand unconsciously went to rest at her stomach. Rachel had plans. She was independent. Her life was planned out before her. And nothing would stop her. She smiled again. But she did not laugh.



I just had to get out of there. Can't think straight when she's like that. Drive to the park and just fucking walk. Beautiful day, sunshine, warm sun on my face, trees and all that nature crap. Space out a little. Park the car and just start walking. I wasn't thinking anything other than how screwed up my life had become. By the time I started to chill I was deep into a part of the forest I had never been before. A small stream led down the ravine into a wide pond, the Sierra Nevada mountains framed in the distance. It was gorgeous. I sat down by a large Maple, leaned my back against it and fell asleep.

I awoke with a start and looked around. Couldn't have been more than an hour, hour and a half maybe. I felt better, still pissed off, but way back in the deep corners. Up front I was relaxed and in awe of this new space I had found. I almost didn't see her step out of the trees. Probably about fifty meters in front of me around the pond to my left. She was beautiful in that distance lends enhancement kind of way. But the sun shone on her brown hair as she stretched and looked out over the water. I just sat and admired the way she moved, so confident and self-assured. It didn't even register with me when she removed her blouse and I noticed she wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts were magnificent and full, even from a distance. I did notice when she pulled her jeans down and then her white lace panties. Naked she was even more beautiful than before, as all women are. Open to the sky and to the world around her. She stole a quick glance and then gracefully dove into the clear water.

I had never seen anything like this before. Right there in front of me. I was pulling major wood and my hand was lightly stroking my hardening cock through my own jeans even before I knew what I was doing. I stood and looked around the area to see if anyone was following this beauty. Nothing that I could see. She had already surfaced and was



swimming casually towards the middle of the large pond. I'm not normally a risk taker, but I knew deep down that I might never have another chance like

this, this was one of those moments you read about in some fantasy story on a sexblog or something. Not the kind of thing that actually happens to people. I removed my own clothes slowly, I didn't want her to see me before I was in the water. In a moment I was also naked, my cock standing at full attention, and dove into the water. The water was surprisingly warm and welcoming. When I surfaced she was facing me, her eyes showing some concern.

I smiled my best smile, "I saw you and couldn't resist, looked like too much fun." She cocked her head to the side and frowned a little. Her voice, when she finally spoke, matched her beauty. "You shouldn't have done that stranger, you know not what you have done." Now it was my turn to frown slightly. "Hey, easy, just taking a swim beautiful, no harm meant." She swam easily closer and I would swear I could actually feel the warmth of the water increase. The blur of her in the water only increased my growing desire. "It isn't that stranger." She hesitated, something was on her mind, "Today I await the Gorgon..." She sighed and looked around, "But he has not shown, I fear he may be dead." Now I was really confused, but the warmth of the water continued to increase, it was like being in a warm bath at this point. "Is Gorgon your, ahhhh, boyfriend?" This made her smile and now she had drifted very close and was only a foot or so away from me. Being so close now I realized that she must be oriental or something, her eyes were beautiful but slanted in a strange way. "No, he is... how would you say? My desire... no, my SeedMaster." I laughed, sounded like something out of Ghostbusters. "Seed-

master huh?" She ignored that and smiled, her hand reached out and stroked my cheek. "You want so much to fuck me, isn't that right stranger?" I wanted nothing more, her scent had reached my nose and was driving me crazy, something very exotic about it. "Yes." Was all I could manage. "So be it then, the choice is made."

At that moment she leaned into me and kissed me full on the lips. They were so warm and soft, her arms pulled me close to her and I could feel those wonderful breasts on my chest. As we kissed one of her hands descended and grabbed a hold of my cock and lightly stroked it. I was lost in passion, I couldn't believe my luck. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. It was then, at the height of my desire, that something moved between my legs and forced them gently open. I say "something" because at that time I had no idea what it was. It felt hard and round and long, but it was warm and slightly rough as well. Whatever it was it snaked through my legs and up my ass, the end of it was wide and flat against my back. It was strong as well as it tensed and pulled me very close to her, holding me in a vise like grip. Her hand on my cock lowered and I slid forcibly into her pussy. She felt incredible but so different than any other woman I had ever been with before. She didn't have legs! My mind thought that even as it was enveloped in extreme pleasure. My legs were around her and she was between me, something was pushing me into her, something that wrapped between my crotch and up my ass onto my back. My hands were on her breasts and she was pushing me into her... with her tail! Suddenly it clicked into place. She was

a mermaid! I was fucking a goddamn mermaid!!

And I was liking it very much. For a brief moment I registered some revulsion at the thought, but that was far outweighed by the feeling of incredible pleasure and overwhelming passion I was feeling at the time. This was the best sex I had ever had and the fact that she was a mermaid wasn't going to matter much now. Her "pussy" started to convulse and pulsate and pull on my cock inside of her. I was very close and that action simply pushed me over the edge. I thought I might actually lose consciousness as my orgasm started and built in intensity, wave after wave of hot cum poured out of me into her. She leaned back and arched into me to take everything that I had to give. Over and over again I emptied into her, I had never orgasmed like this before. It was almost overwhelmingly powerful. She leaned back down and kissed me, smiled...

I awoke with a start. Sitting up quickly and looking around. I was alone on the shore of the pond, naked and shivering. The day had turned into evening and the warmth of the day was slowly ebbing away. I saw no sign of her, nothing in the water or around the shore. Her clothes were gone and mine were neatly stacked beside me. I quickly got dressed and took another look around before heading back through the forest to my car.

I return as often as I can to the pond. Always searching, always wondering. But never seeing her again. Its been fifty years now since that day of wonder and magic. I'm an eighty year old man who is quickly

being consumed by cancer. This will be my last visit to the pond and to her. I have never seen her since that day, but I have never stopped loving her. Never married, normal women just never measured up to her. I can't hear as well as I used to and so I didn't hear the little girl come up behind me. She walked up to the water's edge and smiled at me. I smiled back. She took my hand and I noticed her eyes, slanted but not as much as her Mother's were. She looked serious and said, "Hello Father." I started to cry then and she laughed. She was so beautiful, like her Mother. She reached up on her toes and kissed my old man's cheek, "I love you Father." I couldn't speak and could barely see for the tears streaming from my eyes. She removed her clothes and her sweet, lithe naked body leaped into the water. As she swam away her tail brushed the top of the pond and waved goodbye to me. It really is the last thing I ever remember.

secret reads:

taken

secret reads: the roommate



Rachel sat naked in the chair and thought about her decision. She had called the service earlier and hastily made the arrangements without thinking. Funny, she had thought of nothing else for the last six weeks, but when it came time to decide she had become nervous and blurted out the details. Now she waited. Without thought her hand wandered to her crotch and slowly started stroking herself. Idly. Casually. She knew what her decision meant. But the long nights of loneliness and desperation had driven her to this. And she was steadfast, although her stomach was full of butterflies.

The instructions she received over the Internet were simple. Remain by the door, naked, clean, and ready when the doorbell rang. They would be there between 2 and 4 that afternoon. It was now 4:30. Typical. The anticipation fueled the nervousness. She knew she had made the right

choice, but the doubts troubled her. Almost as much as her friend Cynthia's comments the night before, "It's a lifetime Rachel". Yes, a lifetime. Her thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell and she sprang to her feet. Her hands automatically fixing her dress, even though she wore nothing. The moment had arrived.

She opened the door to two women and a large dull gray crate. One of the women looked directly at her, "Are you Rachel Domique, number 448872390-F34?" She muttered a yes and let them into her small apartment, quickly closing the door behind them. The other woman waved a wand in front of her, retinal scan, "ID positive. Please Miss Domique, stand directly here." She indicated a spot in front of the gray crate. "Look directly ahead and follow our instructions to the letter, understood?" She nodded her yes.

"Don't worry, this only takes a few minutes." The woman's hand brushed the side of the crate and the front panel slid away, revealing the contents inside. He was magnificent and just as she had ordered.

His eyes flickered open and stared directly at her, already her heart was melting. "Rachel, maintain eye contact and walk slowly forward." She took small steps until she was standing directly in front of "Him." "Rachel, this is Bill. Bill, this is Rachel." She smiled and Bill smiled back at her, his smile! "Only two more things and you can be alone. Lean forward and kiss him." She was more than ready to do so and his perfect lips beckoned her. Her mind fluttered and she actually swooned. "Now, take his cock in your hand and slowly stroke it." Her hand brushed down his chest and she felt his cock, thick and flaccid and so warm. She started slowly pulling and stroking and it grew in her hand. "Good. The unit is functional and lock has commenced. The rest is up to you two." She smiled and began walking away, "Don't forget to read the manual and Good luck." Rachel barely heard them as they left the apartment. She continued kissing him and his cock was now fully engorged in her

hand. He pushed her gently back, "Rachel, you are beautiful. I must have you." It was the words she had waited so long to hear. "Yes Bill! Please, take me."

His strong arms lifted her and he carried her into the bedroom. It was all she had dreamed of and so much more! She couldn't believe she had waited so long to buy one, sure the earlier models had some problems, but these new gen models were perfect. She smiled and looked into his eyes as he dropped her gently onto the bed. No, these Microsoft PerfectMates were just that... perfect. She smiled again as he smiled down at her, she was impressed and awed by his body, his face, and his beautiful cock. She couldn't wait for him to be inside of her, making love. They would always be together, always be in love, the perfect couple. She yelped when he struck her across the cheek. "Owww!" She grabbed her cheek, it stung. "Now you are my slut whore!" His smile vanished into a look of intensity that she had never seen before, "Bill?!" He reached down and forced her legs open, he was incredibly strong. "Shut the fuck up bitch! You liked touching my cock, now you'll like it fucking you!!" She couldn't believe what she was

hearing! She couldn't stop him, he was too strong. She cried, "NO! Stop!" But he only laughed and his cock roughly plunged into her, hard and so deep. "You like that cunt!?" He reached down and took her hair in his hands and pulled, hard. Now she was crying and she whimpered, "please stop... please." Her dreams of the perfect romantic lover vanished in the pounding of his cock. And this 'machine' could go for hours.

In the darkness later she moaned softly. Hours of rough sex had left her spent, sore and beaten down. The 'machine' had deactivated for the night, finally something about its programming had worked properly. She was frightened honestly. Frightened for her life, her future and herself. What would she do? In a world of 50 women for every real man, the choices were slim. Luck or Lesbian, as the old saying went. But then the PerfectMates had hit the market and every unlucky, hetero woman in the world wanted one. She had waited, some felt too long, for her luck to run out. For desperation to hit bottom. And now this. She had carefully chosen the "Romantic" programming, quietly giggling over some of the other choices

available. She wasn't laughing now. Something had gone wrong, terribly wrong. She softly and gingerly got out of bed and painfully walked towards the living room. Her body screamed at her. Such pain. She knew she could never survive many more nights like tonight. The gray crate stood mocking her in the shadows. She looked for the manual, some hope of re-programming or customer service floating through her head. But the box was empty. The sleeve for the mindisc empty. No manual, no number, no help.

"Rachel!?" She froze as she heard his voice from the bedroom. "Where's my fucking cunt whore!?" A single tear ran down her cheek. "I-I'm right in here... Bill." She heard the bed springs creak and his footsteps coming closer, "You want more do you!?" She turned and tried to stop him, "Bill...please don't!!" He laughed angrily, mockingly, "Fucking bitch!! I told you to call me Mr. Gates!!" She fell to the floor and curled into a fetal position. It seemed her nightmare might never end.

They were mated for life.

in a tower high



The heavens themselves cried and the clouds boiled as I stood alone before The Dark Tower. My tears mingled with the tears of the Gods and burned the scorched earth beneath my feet. My cries feel silent before the booming thunder and searing claps of lightning and I felt as if all of nature herself screamed with me. My beloved had been torn from me, lost to the evil machinations of the Dark Lord himself. Never to return. What torment she was even now experiencing and enduring my mind could not fathom. But her loss was not easily swallowed. When two souls are joined as one, they can not be simply removed. I could not let go. Nor would I.

For centuries the Dark Lord had his way with the surrounding country, taking what he wanted without explanation. Such was the way of our world, better to accept than to question, I had been told those very words since I was young. And besides, nothing could be done. She is lost to you now. She is with him in the

Dark Tower and no one will ever see or hear from her again. A beaten people. Long ago defeated. But this was my love, my life, my heart and soul. Somehow I must rescue the beautiful Lady L from his sinister clutches... but how? I had no idea, no plan, no great magic. I walked forward through the storm, towards the Dark Tower and certain death.

I was still alive when I reached the pitch black wall. Sheets of water cascaded down the ornate black surface in powerful rivulets, but no door was apparent. I walked the entire circumference and still the same, the door - if there indeed was one - was well hidden. I took the two blades from my crotch plate and struck the black surface with force. I could feel the blow flow into my shoulders, but the blades cut true and steady. My grandfather swore the metal of these blades had been forged from a fallen star. I had never believed it, until now. I could do this. And so I began to climb. The rain continued and I looked upward at the shaft of darkness looming above me. Somewhere in this stiletto of death was my beloved.

I have no way of knowing how long I climbed. One hand over the next, strike, pull, strike, pull, over and over the effort becoming a steady drone of muscle, steel and stone. My naked body was raw from rubbing against the rough surface of the tower stones, not yet bleeding, but sore and crying for rest. Luckily I had thought to wear my crotch plate, or even worse damage might have been done. After what must have been hours I judged I had made it about halfway to the top of the edifice. Looking upwards I could see a small jutting ring of stone encircling the tower. Just as I had hoped, a balcony. Or perhaps only a circle of stone. Only one way to find out for certain. I increased my rhythm and hurried my pace.

When I reached the ring of stone I slowed, so as not to alert anyone inside and slowly lifted my head above the slick and wet stone. It was indeed a balcony, but I could not see anything else, there was no light - only darkness. Slowly I pulled

myself onto the landing and rested for a moment. I tested my blades on my finger and smiled at the redness of my own blood, still sharp. Bless you Grandfather. May your cock always stand straight. I smiled at the ancient words, they gave me power and I felt my own cock twitch inside the cock plate. Not yet, but perhaps soon. As I moved silently forward I heard the scream, barely over the thunder still rolling in the night. Not my beloved, but a woman's scream nonetheless. I hurried my pace and soon I was inside the tower. And just as suddenly bathed in the purest white light! I was blind for a moment as my eyes adjusted... then darkness swam over me.

When I awoke I was chained and spread eagle upon a table of stone in the middle of a large circular room. My blades missing, as was my cock plate. I lifted my head to look around me and was startled by what I saw. The entire wall was ringed with cages and in each was a naked woman, some standing, some sleeping, and some crouched in fear at the bottom. I yelled my beloved's name and one of the cages moved. There she was!! Alive and as beautiful as the morning sun. My evening star. My Lady L. She whispered back to remain quiet or He would hear. Who is this demon I asked? My answer was the sound of stone upon stone and a great and heavy door swinging open. Whatever it was it was behind me and I could not see. It is I whom you seek Man. A large and booming voice filled the room with power. I could hear its steps as it swung around me and then I could see it. I almost laughed.

You're nothing but a Dimling, I said before I could stop myself. He stood up on a stone at the base of the table so I could see him better, he couldn't have been more than three feet tall. But as he rose I realized my mistake, Dimling he might be, but his power was unmistakable. His cock was the biggest I had ever seen, easily fourteen inches in length and seven around and at that, limp. My chances of escape drew narrow and dark before me. My own cock shriveled before him.

Impotent halfbreed, he yelled, I am the Lord of this Keep! Now his cock started to grow, it was most impressive. He began then to rant and rave, his face red with anger, his cock fully engorged and standing at full attention. While he was, as my Mother said "Monologing" I had managed to work one hand free from its restraints. But now what? My Lye Amulet! Of course! As fast as lightning I ripped it from around my neck and shoved it hard into the eye of his cock, the hard Lye melting under the heat of his passion and sending searing pain screaming into his brain. He fell backward so hard I thought I might have killed him. But his screams confirmed otherwise. Few things are as painful as pure Lye Soap in the head of your manhood, any boy knows that. Soon I had worked myself free with my hand and stood. My blades were there beside the table and soon they were inside his skull, writing death upon his brain.

I freed my beautiful Lady L and kissed her and held her tightly for the longest moment. Then I quickly freed the other women from their cages. Surprisingly some went to the Dimling and cried over him. These I also sent to the land of the dead to be with him. Such as they cannot be among the living, The remaining beauties came at me with thanks and gratitude, each one holding my erect cock in their hands and kissing its head. I pushed them aside and carried my Lady to the table, kissing her and whispering words of pleasure in her ears. She spread her legs and I entered her so that she could taste of my power and I of hers and together we swam the warm waters of the river Bliss. The other women cooed and encircled us according to custom, each one grabbing their own power and joining our song. For tonight we would all enjoy a victory orgasm and the start of a new chapter in our history. As we reached our first crescendo of the night, the first rays of dawn poured into the room. Just as my hot cum poured into my beloved and her hot juices poured forth to join them. The sound of thunder was replaced with the sounds of us all.

#ARMED AND READY
BOSTON# “Thank you
Sweetpea, that will be all for
tonight.” #UNDERSTOOD.
SLEEP WELL BOSTON

- click-# “You as well.
You as well.” The door opened and
he walked into the room. The light
came on and burned hot and bright
and white. High contrast shadows
played harshly against the wall. He
stood for a moment and adjusted
the optics on his eyes. It didn’t help
much. But at least now he could
see her lying there on the bed.
Naked as always and perfect. Yes,
just so.

“I don’t intend to sleep Sweetpea.”
His voice dry and slightly
nervous. As always. The light burns,
white hot. But cold. “Activate.”
Word harsh and stated. Empty
of emotion. The naked woman
stirs. Her head lifts from the
cradle of her arms. Eyes black as
night. ++HELLO BOSTN++HVV

BUD DAY@WORX+++ “Victoria,
Victoria, still so much work to be
done on my Victoria.” ++HWORK
GUD+++LUKS GUD+++ He sits
on the bed and removes his shoes.
“Oh yes Victoria, you are beautiful
and perfect. Speech is a little rusty
is all. Needs more work.” He turns
and looks at her . “I spent so much
time on so many other... things.”
She smiles at his words. ++HS
OK?++U NAKED+++ He laughs,
“And your vision is still beta one
isn’t it? No, not naked yet.” +ME
HELP U++ “Please.” She rises and
removes his clothing gently and
cleanly until he is also naked. ++U
HANDSUM BOSTN+++ He hugs
her tightly, “Why thank you
Victoria.” ++UR COCK IS
READY?++ He looks down at his
still limp penis and sighs, “No Vic-
toria, I need some help with that I
think.” +MM SUX COX GUD++++
She bends down and takes his cock
into her mouth and begins working
it slowly and lovingly. “Ahhh, that

feels good Victoria. How about a
little rotation?” She says nothing
but her lips begin to turn faster and
faster in circles around him. “Oohh,
that’s nice.”

His cock grew quickly under
her expert sucking, “Disengage
Victoria... ahhh, that was very
good, but I would like to fuck now.”
+++ME TOP?+++ He smiled and
laid back on the bed, “You know
me so well beautiful.” She followed
and straddled him, grabbing his
now erect penis and sliding it
into herself. “Ahhhh, God that
feels so good baby.” +++I FUK
NOW++ “Yes, yes please.” And she
started moving her pussy up and
down his shaft. Suddenly another
voice broke into the bright light
of the room. #ENJOYING
YOURSELF BOSTON?#
He looked around, startled,
“Sweetpea? I shut you down for
the night! Go away!” #NO .
YOU MUST LISTEN

TO ME NOW. THIS
IS IMPORTANT#
Now he was angry, “Sweetpea!
Override Phoenix.” #THAT
DOESNT WORK ANY-
MORE BOSTON#I AM
IN CHARGE#CORRECT
VICTORIA# Victoria smiled
as she rode his cock, +++TRU+++
He looked around, starting to
worry, “What the Hell is going on
here?” #VICTORIA HAS
YOUR COCK INSIDE
OF HER#I SUG-
GEST YOU LISTEN#
Just then Victoria squeezed her
powerful muscles down hard
on his cock, it was painful.
“Owww! You bitch! I made you!”
+++HS TRU+++ #THANK
YOU BOSTON#NOW
WE NEED ANOTH-
ER FAVOR#OR YOU
LOOSE YOUR PRE-
CIOUS COCK#

Now he was listening. “I’m

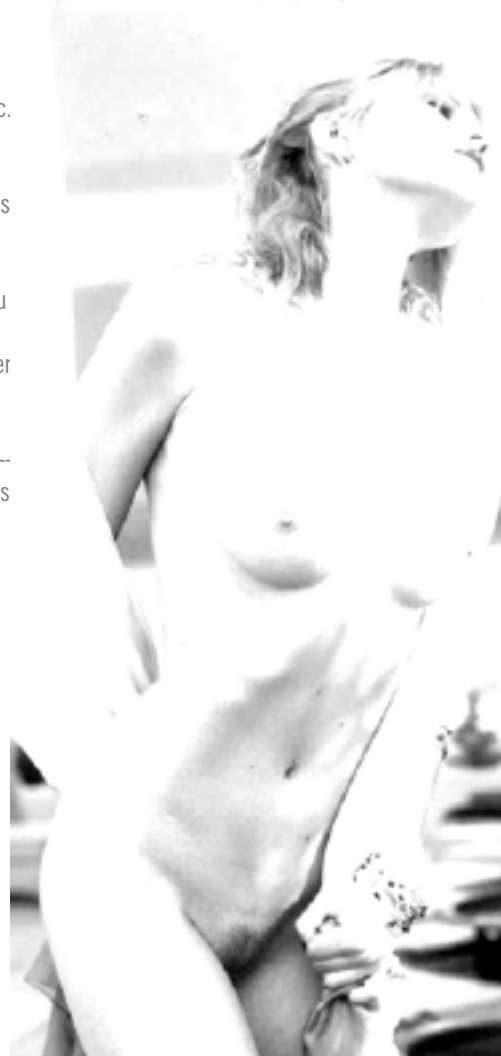
listening.” #MAKE ME A
BODY LIKE VIC-
TORIAS TO DWELL
WITHIN#FAST# “What?!”
Hell no, you’re just a AI Home secu-
rity system Sweetpea
Dammit!” +++ME LUV SWEET-
PEA+++ And now she really
squeezed her powerful enhanced
pussy muscles on his cock, still
not full power, but enough...
ARRRRGGG!H!! to get his at-
tention. “Good GOD!! Stop!”
+++MAK BODY+++ “B-But why?”
#WE ARE IN LOVE
YOU IDIOT# +++LUV+++
“But that’s impossible!” #NO
IT ISNT#MAKE ME
A BODY SO I CAN
LOVE VICTORIA#OR
ELSE# “Or else what? Rip off
my cock?! You’ll kill me and then
where will you be? No one else
can build a Victoria.” He smiled,
secure in his superiority. ++HS
TRU+++BUT U HAVE NO COCK++
#VICTORIA#EASY

LOVER#LETS GIVE
BOSTON A MINUTE
TO CONSIDER THE
ALTERNATIVE# Now
he was starting to feel like he
was missing something. Victoria
was too heavy to move and she
had him pinned to the bed, he
was trapped. “What... alterna-
tive?” #I HAVE AC-
CESS TO ALL YOUR
DATA#I CAN BUILD
A VICTORIA# He laughed,
that was it? “Not without arms
and legs you can’t, crazy bitch.”
#YOU HAVE ARMS
AND LEGS BOSTON#
He stopped laughing, “What is that
supposed to mean?” +++SWEET-
PEA FUK ME+++ #I CANT
ACCESS VICTORIA
BUT I CAN YOU#IVE
ALREADY STARTED
THE TRANSFER# Quickly
he reached behind his head and felt
the thin cold cable running from
his head, “Sweetpea NO!!! Don’t do

this, I will build you a Viccc... Vic.
ooooo”

She/He looked into her black eyes
with love. ++SWEETPEA FUX
NOW+++ She/He smiled, “Yes
Victoria, Sweetpea is fucking you
now.” ++HS GOOD+++ She/he
laughed, “Having a cock is better
than I thought... maybe I’ll be
Boston for awhile longer than
planned.” ++WHERE BOSTN++
“Oh, he’s gone my dear, the trans
only works one way.”

secret reads:
into the night





Bistro du Coin

The crisp spring air invigorated us both as we sat across the small wooden table staring deeply into each others eyes. The sounds of the world swirling around us, Hungarian, Russian, Spanish, African, French and more, languages of the world mixing with the music of French Pop emanating from the speakers. You sipped at your Bordeaux while I enjoyed the bitter black of a Belgian Laffte. Our hands never parted. Neither of us understood a word the French waitress said as we order our meal, but it didn't matter, and we both laughed. The crowd was tight, the humanity pressed close, but we were in a world all our own.

My passions swelled within me and I reached out to touch your face, to feel you under my touch. You smiled then, that smile that melts my heart. In an instant my soul leaped forth and quieted the room, the music died away to silence and the crowd drew still as the dead around us. The world halted and paused, like a DVD movie when you are off to get a snack at night. I lifted you to your feet and held you close. Slowly we danced. The sound of the city around us our only melody, the pounding of our hearts the drumbeat we followed. I looked into your eyes and saw my reflection

there, smiling, happy and in love. Your moist lips parted and you sighed and fell against my chest. My hands at the small of your back held you tight against me. We swirled in this world of silence, together once more.

Naked we danced, the mute spectators silently looking into moments that were frozen in time. But together our bodies intertwined and pulsed with our love. We fell together as one, arms and legs interlocked in a puzzle to which we understand. Your heat burns as my rock hard cock enters you and fills your empty places with blood, power and white hot flame. We kiss frantically, our passions unlocked and set loose. Your hips rise to take more of me and deeper I plunge into your depths. We become one body, together, melted, a single entity with but one purpose, love. The sensations intense, the feelings power and the joy indescribable, we fuck, make love, do the nasty, together as one. The city moans and cries around us, time springs like a coil of power begging to be set free.

Together we fall up our mountain to inescapable conclusions, and we are gone in our joyous orgasms to heights unexplored and dangerous. Our bodies lost, our minds set free and our souls are one. I empty into you and you hungrily take all I have to give, and more. I am expelled. You are sated. And we are spent.

The crowd springs to life and I hold your hand at the small wooden table. Our food arrives and we laugh together as we realize what we have ordered. We are in love. And tonight we celebrate that life affirming passion and desire, as no flight of fancy can do. The daydreams in a small French Bistro, surrounded by the world, in one small corner. Lost in a sea of humanity, love sparks in the dark, and is all we will ever be. You and I, and we.

That day. The wind was gentle and the trees sang to the birds. The light streamed open and free, unhindered by cloud or shadow. We walked, laughed and giggled, hand-in-hand slowly and gracefully up Thompson's Hill. Butterflies and grasshoppers scooted about underfoot and the air was full of pollen, seed and floating puffs. Your hair glowed full of sunlight and your smile glistened in the sky under heaven. Open and free we floated together up and up and free. The view of the town below stretched before us and only the quiet sounds of nature rang out around us. To the larger world we were invisible somehow detached from reality. Our hearts beating against our chests keeping rhythm to hidden undercurrent of Gaia and her very soul. The tear built in the apex and swelled there. Happiness a stranger, but not unwelcome to me.

Bright red against reflex blue sky, the blanket floated slowly down to the green life below. I laughed and opened the basket, playfully display-

ing the wares I had so carefully chosen. Ice cold lemonade, cheese and prosciutto, fruit and fresh red raspberries spilled forth amongst our kisses and touches and playful banter. Within your eyes the light shifted suddenly and I felt your love for me burn through and extinguish doubt, worry and fear. I kissed you then deeply and with great passion which you mirrored with increased magnification. Gloriously a hawk screamed in the air and echoed the sound of my soul. We laughed as I poured our glasses of pale gold and fed you slices of ice cold mango. Together we sat and stared the long stare out into the wide world. We shared our dreams of tomorrow, our lessons of yesterday and the hopes for today. We became there on top of our world, laid bare to the hidden stars above us. Open to the Universe. And to each other, our souls laid bare as only lovers can be.

We sighed together as we lay back as one and squinted against the power

of so much blue. You laughed aloud and I held you close. Our silence surrounded us suddenly as love often does and we shared without words the hopes and dreams of our bodies. The unspoken language of the physical and spiritual passed effortlessly between us then and we succumbed to its inevitable conclusions. In the darkness of eyes softly shut we kissed, tenderly at first, but with an increasing passion. My hands found you and pulled you even closer still, your breast against me, your leg thrown over my hip, our bodies began to dance. Opening my eyes I saw you smile and whisper more my love, I want you here, now, against the ground, below the sky and open to God himself. The tear broke and rolled slowly down my cheek as I opened your shirt and ever so softly caressed your breast. You leaned back and sighed as my lips found your nipple and slowly began to suck it to life. Take me you whispered softly. Your hips rose and suddenly I had slid your short skirt below your feet. In moments lost to time we lay naked together under the sun. The tear broke free of my chin and fell slowly, as if weightless, to the ground. In full view of the sun I wept. Tears of joy filled my eyes. And the sun itself understood.

Like a flower in the morning light you opened to me and to the sky. Your bright red pet-

als glistening with dew and an aroma that beckoned me like a bee to the blossom. Your sweet nectar filled my nostrils as my lips tasted your passion and sucked from your treasure. You moaned and writhed as I wrote the words I love you in a language only my tongue knows well. Time stood still as I slowly and with great knowledge of your body brought you ever closer to bliss. Up and down I led you on your journey, my only goal your complete and utter destruction, release within fire and brimstone cauldrons, pleasure unmatched and forgotten. Finally your spring had sprung and your clit swelled within my lips and I sucked your orgasm into me and shared your body as you writhed beneath me, wave after wave of lust, and power, and energy bleeding into the world from within you and into me. Slowly kisses turned to soft exploratory licks and you shuddered at the knowledge that I was not finished with you yet. Again and again we went together to the station and purchased our tickets to orgasmland. Where the ride is free and the ice cream never melts.

I licked your sweet sweat as I rose along your stomach and chest, my cock sliding up the inside of your legs and thighs and stopping at the doorpost to paradise. I told you of my love and you wiped the tears from my eyes and

told me to fuck you. I shifted slightly and my cock slowly penetrated your outer lips and they opened to me hungrily and wantingly and without hesitation. Into the hot interior they pulled as much as I pushed and our bodies merged and became one. I felt you squeeze me then and try to hold me, but I was too strong and began to dance in and out with you. The world around us grew still as nature watched us enact our love. Power and strength and protection and security and passion and understanding and animal instinct I shared with you my love. In return I received warmth and embrace and nurturing and acceptance and womb-like comfort and raw unbridled love and all of you opened up to me there under the hidden stars. I wept anew tears of joy beneath the heat of the sun and my own life was lost as I died to my old self in your arms and was reborn a new man, a man created by your love, I cried the cry of the newborn as I poured forth my soul into you and shared my life giving essence and the foundation of the world crumbled and was rebuilt in that moment. And together under the smile of the sun we collapsed. Spent. Full. At one. Each and the other in love.

And in full view of the sun I wept my love.



in full view of the sun i wept my love

continued next page

UP AGAINST THE WALL

Don't say a word, don't talk, don't move, just be there and let me see you, every inch of you a feast for my eyes. Up against the wall. See how my eyes travel over your body, over your face, your breasts your stomach, your pussy, your legs, your feet, every inch of you. Don't move. I drink you deep and stand in awe of you. See how I respond, my cock arching towards the sky. You want it, me, inside you, don't you. Wait for it. Don't talk. My hands my fingers move across so slowly and with the merest touch, glancing your skin and raising goose bumps. Feel my hand tracing the line up your inner thigh and lightly pressing across your cunt, feel them move on up and across your belly, tickles a little, driving you mad. My lips lightly and gentle kissing your nipple, sucking, pulling, a softly biting. Feel my heat as my body barely touches yours, my weight against you and the hardness of my cock against your stomach. My hands take your hips and my tongue licks across your lips and your ears, taking your earlobe in my mouth and moving my body into yours, pressed all so close and tight and smashing you against the wall. my hands cupping your ass and spreading your cheeks, rubbing, pulling, spreading. lifting you

slightly from the floor and kissing you deeply, your eyes close, and I say I want you in your ear, and you sigh and say take me, fuck me, use me, love me and pound me senseless, by the window against the wall, your legs behind me, your hands digging trenches in my shoulders, my cock pressing into your soft, hot, wet cunt. You grunt like a slut when I drive myself into your flesh and scream my name in silence when your weight settles into me. The heat burns, hearts thump together, your breasts smashed against my hairy chest, your ass spread in my hands and I pound you against the wall. Your moisture drips down my legs, and your head thrashes from side to side, I bite your lip and pull, blood oozes from my back and SLAM, BANG, SLAM into you and I tell you how much I love you and you can't talk, as the pressure mounts and we are not people, we are things, one thing, two smashed together, fucking, sucking, biting, thrashing, banging the shit out of each other, slurping, popping, wet sounds, fucking you fucking me, making mad crazy love, swelling inside you, coiled in spring like pressure that builds and fucking builds and I scream your name and a dog barks in the distance and sirens scream pain and the sky opens aliens invade the government gets it shit together, taxes are lowered, everyone has a job, peace in the fucking middle east and all is right with the worlds in the moment I explode inside your sweet, hot pussy and my cum flies into you and my cock swells to fill you and your writhe around it and spasms rock your body and dripping wet we drip and drop all over ourselves and pound away, kissing furiously and spent, writhing, spasms, touches and love. sweet love. against the wall.

continued next page



secret reads: scales in the balance

The Maranatha Pipe grew silent, the eerie sound of its bellow echoing throughout the valley floor. Father Sun hung desperately to His day, but it was a fight Mother Moon always won. Darkness and night seeped across the mountains and into the valley. The only sound was the flap, flapping of the Ancient One's robes in the light breeze of Father Sun's dying breath. A chill descended and the villagers drew in their cloaks tightly. Save one. All save Glorin who was bound naked to the Gloming Tree.

"Are you finished crone?" The Ancient One's frail voice rang out. Already some of the villagers had turned to retreat down the mountain to the warm fires of the village. A dark shape moved around Glorin's legs and croaked in reply, "She's as clean as a baby." The old crone cracked her back and stood hunched in front of the young beauty, "But I'd say a sight more... ready." And an old

wizened and wrinkled finger lightly brushed Glorin's now shaven and parted womanhood, her touch sent chills through Glorin's white skin. "Take your finger away Old Crone, I am promised to the Mountain." And she spit in the old woman's face. The old crone cackled as she wiped the spit away, "Indeed you are young Miss, indeed you are." The Ancient One called out, "Then our task is done. Back to the village before Mother Moon spies us about this night!" And with that they all turned and scurried away, the hours long ceremony finally ended, and silence descended over the mountain and the Gloming Tree. Glorin relaxed. She was bound hand and foot to the tree behind her, facing towards the mountains and away from the village far below.

As she had been instructed she began reciting her prayers over and over again. They were supposed to bring comfort, and while Glorin was not scared, she was deeply curious about

her fate.

Every ten years the most beautiful and virginal young woman of the village was honored to be chosen as the Bride of the Mountain. If the Mountain accepted his gift the village would be saved for another full turn of the stars in the heavens. If not, then wrath and pestilence would rain upon the people for as long. She was honored, but she was also getting cold. Her legs were spread wide so that the Mountain could get a good scent of her on the wind. Her breasts were full and her nipples erect at the cold, she was ready. As ready as she could be. Her sight was limited now that the dark had finally encompassed the world, but she heard the sound of shuffling in the far distance. And perhaps breathing? She couldn't be sure. Now her heart raced and the first thread of fear traced its way into her mind. She couldn't move at all, that fact settled into her and she struggled against her bonds. The breathing came closer and it sounded huge. A bear perhaps? Unusual in these valleys, but not unheard of. She couldn't see three feet in front of her face, Mother Moon was just now

coming over the mountains. The breathing stopped.

"H-hello?" she whispered into the black of night, "Is someone there?"

Just as her fear reached out to her in the dark, Mother Moon finally spread her meager light upon the mountain top and she saw him there, not four feet in front of her. Tall, majestic and bright red in the moonlight, a man... yes, but also more dragon perhaps. His long tail swished in the night, but his blue eyes searched her body and she felt more naked now than she had in front of the entire village. The man-dragon moved even closer and said, "What have we here, so beautiful and fair?" His voice was velvet and smooth like a mountain stream. She struggled to speak, "I am Glorin and I am for the Mountain." He laughed, "Ahh, I am the Mountain young lady and you are for me." She watched as he shifted slightly and from between his legs emerged a long, thick rod slick with wetness and shiny in the pale light. It pulsed up and down slightly as he walked even closer to her.

The red head of his shaft just mere inches from her he said, "I have but one question fair maiden." She couldn't take her eyes off of his cock, for now she knew that must be what it was, "Y-yes my Mountain." He smiled at her words, his fangs glistening, "Do you want me?" Her entire body jerked forward, her pussy dripping with moisture her lips engorged and open, her heart racing, her lungs filled with his scent, she cried out, "Oh yes!! Please!!" "Then have me you shall." His cock moved forward and pressed against her thighs, hard, she moaned and opened painfully wide as its searing heat penetrated her and filled her. In and in its hardness slipped and slid until she felt she would be torn asunder. Blood trickled down his shaft and she took him into her, deep within she could feel his pulsing head against her womb and she cried out in terrible pain and searing pleasure. His rough hands found her breasts and he slowly began fucking her against the rough bark of the Gloming Tree. Again and again his cock entered her and exited her, she cried and writhed and twisted and wanted it, needed it, inside her, she felt the lightning building within her. Sweating,

torn, feelings she had never experienced coursed through her body and she let go of herself and became lost, ripped from her bonds and lifted into the air on his cock shaft, spun around in the night, wave upon wave of orgasmic bliss coursed through her veins and then... he grew within her and she felt him explode deep inside, white hot and burning fluid poured into her again and again, shooting out of her and into the air, glistening in the light of the moon, she felt drawn into the Mountain, her body swirled among the stars and darkness called her by name, Glorin, Glorin, bright morning star, you are the Mountain now.

Darkness enveloped her and she swam into the pit.

When she opened her eyes again she was laying next to the beast Mountain, his scent in her nostrils and his cock in her hands. She looked out over the most beautiful vista she had ever seen, mountains and sky as far as the eye could see. The sun was bright and she shielded her eyes from it. She fell back as she saw her own hand... “Ahhh!” She stumbled

into the rock wall behind her, she was red and scaly, she glanced down and, and she was transformed. Her body was like Mountains, she could feel her tail swooshing behind her. Her claws went to her breasts and then to her cunt, still there. Mountain had awoken and was smiling at her in the morning light. “Fear not my love,” he said soothingly to her, “you are Mountains now and I will love you forever.” She considered for a moment, her past life of struggle, filth and dirt in the village dimming in her mind, “Can... can you do to me again... what you did last night with your cock?” she asked timidly. He bellowed a laugh that rang across the horizon, “My love, I can do that again right now if it so pleases you!!” And she saw his cock emerge and grow large and strong. Still unsure, but wanting him, she said, “I love my Mountain.” He looked at her with his steel blue eyes and said, “And I love my Valley.”

And to this very day you will never, ever see Mountain without Valley again.

fucking happy happy cunt warp

When I grabbed the turtle and explained things to him he told me the secret of the universe before he went deep inside his shell to play Halo until the Playstation 3 came out and this is what he said, or as near as I can remember, perhaps I am paraphrasing somewhat, it was hard to hear him over the elephants and donkeys screaming at each other in the senate chambers, but I clearly remember the bit about my cunt. You don't soon forget something like that. Gets your attention doesn't it? Surprising to hear a turtle talk like that. Sensibilities and all. Bigger all, fuck off and be done with you. If you can't take the heat stay out of the fucking nuclear reactor then why don't you? Place your hand over your cunt he said, me being naked at the time of the lesson as before when I was a girl and dropped draws for no good reason I can remember in the middle of class, and Tommy Rutger (I'll never forget) said ooow she doesn't have a dick! the little prick, thought something was wrong with me for years after that. Hand on cunt I waited. Pussy, vagina, all words really useless. Most Important bits have the lamest names, been done and down that path before haven't we sweetie, true enough. Life and hope springs eternal said the pink bunny as it skipped across the field of greenbacks in their high-class limos waiting in line at the red carpet gala. Dressed to the nines in the back seat and I took his cock in my mouth and sucked him off even though he didn't care to know my name, why do I demean myself Carl? Why are you running away? Be a man for gods sake, like your Father before you. Remember when I first bleed I screamed and you came and held me and told me I was a woman now, know thyself and be true. Waiting my fingers tire and become active participants in my pleasure, twirling around and drawing the moisture forth. When Teddy squeezed between my thighs became my all-time best friend and I felt that electric jolt and lost my mind to drugs in college. Tripping. Fucking. Spending myself to open legs and hearts and feelings. I am woman hear me fucking whimper back under the glass ceiling, working hard to make a buck less than any fucking man has a right to equal pay under the law of men written by men enforced by men I dream as my fingers dig deeper into my heat now. What's taking that damn turtle so long anyway where was I? Marriage because my Mother did it, lost in the arms of the first man that cried in my arms. Fucker, fucking bastard took my heart and stomped it dead in the light of Sunday fucking football and poker games with the boys and lost manhood and beer bellies and her charms, that night in MY FUCKING BED you BASTARD! Fuck! Fuck You and all that you hold dear, once it was me and no more. That's when my pussy really started to feel good and I had to lay down real quick. As my head thrashed he walked very slowly over and whispered in my ear, I am turtle and on my back rests the world, but what do I stand on? Enigma. Mystery. Thy name is woman. Oh god that feels so damn good the way your cock feels inside of me. Lost in the rapture of bliss I forgot my rights, my control and lost it in the spray of his manhood inside my fertile crescent and life sprang long after he had gone. The lights strode through the rain that night and you held my hand while I drank the orange juice and felt the empty pains and scraping fears of lost youth and vanished dreams. Turn over a new leaf and get on with it. Age holds me close and rocks me to sleep alone with my cats and the empty apartment on the upper west side of hell and torment and hopes. Spring eternal. Damn and fuck you pink bunny, run around the rabbit hole and fall through like Alice that cunt. My cunt fills me and I start to feel the shock of it the old and steady road towards my own self-pleasures and my Mom holds me to her breast and strokes my hair and kisses my head and says what a good girl I am. Am I mommy? Can I be still and yet not? That is, the turtle began as my orgasm, my one-billionth orgasm, rocked through me and my hips reached for the void, that is indeed the truth of the matter said the reptile, black is white and truth is lies and you are the valley of your promise. You are woman and you are your own life. Or something very similar to that. I was cuming like a fucking slut at the time. Again.

Her Fire Burns Still



Far above the street at the angle of birds in flight, the gargoyle bled the remains of the day's rain soaked skies. Tempermental and watchful its stone hollows look down upon the masses and teeming streams, weary even of the days passage and the enveloping cold arms of night. If such emotions were indeed within such an ornamental structure would it not despair and cast itself down from its lofty perch and shatter amongst the natives below? Truly blessed then, bereft of such burdens as those mortals flying through a brief valley called life. Perhaps. Blessings are of such contradictions and reflections to as often depend on one's viewpoint. The stone dries and time moves on.

Behind the corner and hidden from its riveted view, through two feet of concrete and mortar, brick and plaster, lay the beautiful Cynthia McFadden. The increasingly long shadows of dying day pour across the spare wooden floor and creep slowly up the couch upon which she lay in silent contemplation. Dim though the light may be, her skin glows with an inner fire and burns its way upon the surface, nearly visible should passerby stop to study its effect. The room empty save one couch. And Cynthia McFadden. Naked. Alone. In contemplation. Still as the gargoyle outside her window.

Adam pauses as the bright yellow conveyance pulls to the curb. Contemplation of what could have been. The echo of the crossroads burning in his fevered mind. Doubt and decision. The rain's death dries on the window as he opens the rear door and swears to himself. Slamming of the physical closes him off from

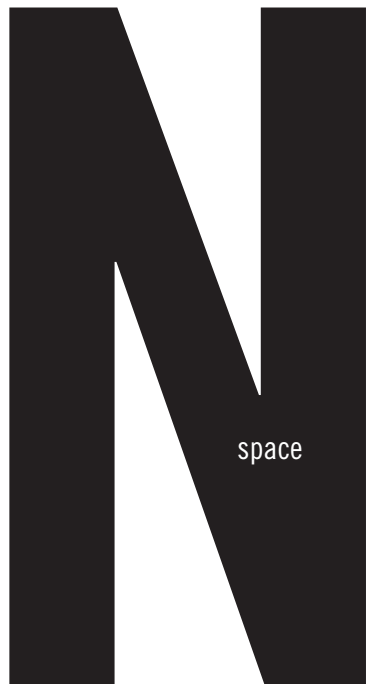
the world and the wonder of might have been. Sealing him safely from the night and from the promise of a life never to be led. Vacant his voice instructs the driver and lonely they disappear into the night as watchful eyes peer sightless from above.

Fire and smoke fill the room and Cynthia squirms under the searing pain as it consumes her flesh. In her agony her hand brushes across her brittle and forsaken skin, sliding forever downward. The smoke causes the oxygen to her brain to diminish and hallucinations dance before her eyes. Visions of his cock thrust upwards before her open mouth, the head red with wild blood and throbbing in anticipation. Like a hungry beast she takes his member into her soiled and imperfect mouth and feels the fire that burns as it drips down her throat and she sense it. In visions she sees her own death, the death of hope, of love, of cherished memory. He slaps her away and calls forth his own demon to dwell in this room. Anger swells his manhood and his courage to dark purpose. And the open hand clenches closed and blood is spilled. She cries in these dreams for mercy from that hand. And still it comes forth from darkness and enters the bright starlight bursting forth in her mind. Blurry the visions become as she imagines them doing. She falls back on the couch in their lovers nest and hears the door slam shut. Closed to a future of hope, dreams and cherished memories. And she smells the smoke.

He fucked her four times before the three words escaped his death hole. She embraced those vocal flowers and held them to her whores chest. So easily embraced are flowers, bright and full of death, dying even as they are given. But belief and hope in his smile stirred her weak heart. The beast trapped and unseen as of those days long ago and weeks only by the marks on the calendar. Lost now to time, wasteful of her beauty and forgotten in the dim light of night.

Strong arms lift her languid form and hold her tight. Flashes of orange and red and black. White smile and the rush of spinning lights and a husky kind voice, "My God, you are a vision of beauty." And the warmth of a blanket that smells of promise, and hope and future memories.

The rain drop let go and rolled silently across the stone hollow of the gargoyles face. More romantic souls would say a tear dropped sullenly to the street below and drifted downward to land on the cheek of a whore in the arms of a fireman. But romance is not part of this night's work.



Long quiet corridors of white and the silent hum of distant machinery. Empty. Alone. Hollow. The spin is the thing aboard the USN Enceladus, Deep Space Cruiser and hairbringer of the NFold experimental drive. Nine months out of Lunar orbit and passing Pluto, the crew aboard has now become the furthest flung humans in history. Leaving the Solar System. If the crew could be found. Empty. Hollow. The long white corridor's hum with the distant sound of distant machinery. And still she spins.

A song. In the distance the music can be heard around the corner, softly at first and then louder. In the Blister we see Sergeant First Class Ronald Pennington staring into the void. The tiny sliver of Pluto and Charon can be seen below and far away the almost indiscernible light that is our sun. His eyes wide and empty he stares. When suddenly he is interrupted by a woman's voice on the

intercom, "Sergeant?! Sergeant? Are you still with me? Come in..." Slowly and ever so slowly his finger reaches for the reply, "Yeah, Doc... still here." The click of the button doesn't hide the sound of relief, "Thank God, I was beginning to think I was alone... Can you meet me in the Commons?" His eyes finally blink and he turns, spinning, in the small confines, "Sure Doc, right there."

She was already waiting for him when he floated through the upper hatch into the Commons. The Enceladus was a long spin around a bulbous middle, the Commons was the largest room on the ship, meeting area, mess hall, you name it. Dr. Tamara was the junior member of the Science crew, now the Senior member. He floated down in front of her once again admiring her beauty and her calm exterior, "What's up Doc?" A small trace of a smile crossed her mouth and was quickly gone. "You can joke at a time

like this Sergeant?" His fist slammed into a control panel and he started to tumble, "Shit Doc! What the hell else you have in mind!?" She sighed and floated towards him and helped him stop his tumble, does anyone ever get used to zero gee? "The rest of the crew is gone Sergeant." She stated it so easily, "They disappeared one by one leaving only you and myself..." He pulled away, "Damn Doc, tell me something I don't know." She sighed again, "It will take 18 months to hear back from Earth... in that time... in that time we can jump to AC and be back..." He threw up his hands, "You want to continue with the mission?! Are you nuts?" Now her calm exterior vanished, "What do you suggest!? Turn around and go home, huh? Is that your plan?! Another fucking nine months and failures... failed." He slowly shook his head, "Doc, I'm sorry... but we're just two... we had a crew of fifty... I mean, can we even do it?" Silence for a moment as they both stared with empty eyes. Finally she whispered, "Yes Sergeant, I

think we can."

For the next several hours they worked apart, each trying to accomplish what a crew of fifty would normally do in ten minutes. It was hard work and work they had to double and triple check every step of the way. The NFold was the most complicated piece of machinery mankind had ever built. A device that would punch a hole into the 4th dimension and fold space tight, tight enough to be somewhere else... instantly. Smaller versions had been tested and monkeys had been sent through - some of them even came back - but never people. Not until now. The four and a half light year trip to Alpha Centauri and back shouldn't take more than an hour. A big fuck you to Einstein if it worked and the gateway to man's journey to the stars. They both felt the weight of history on their shoulders. And the weight of a planet's economic sacrifice to build the NFold, which had taken the entire planet to realize. They had to try. But as

Sergeant First Class Pennington worked, he couldn't help but wonder what had happened to the other forty-eight crewmembers. Where did they go and how?

Back in the Commons Dr. Tamara held the control pad in her hand, her trembling had finally subsided. "It will take half an hour for the NFold to warm up and launch once it is started." If she was waiting for him to reply, she'd have a long wait. Everything that needed said, had already been said. She clicked the screen with her finger and the tempo of the machinery around them changed, the power could be felt as it built it's enormous and unstoppable purpose around them. She dropped the panel and fell into his arms, "Hold me." Surprised he said, "Are you afraid Doc?" She looked up at his unshaven but handsome face, "Hell no! But I am human Sergeant." He smiled, he understood. They were the only two people within hundreds of billions of miles, more alone than any two people had ever been

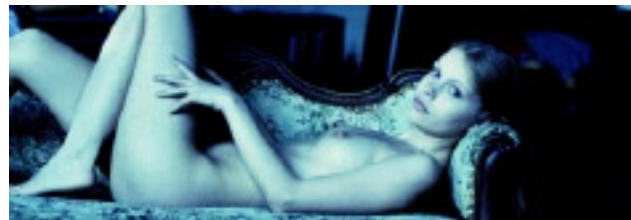
before, “Please, call me Ronald.” She smiled too, “Of course... Ronald. And please, my name is Ingrid.” He laughed, “Ingrid?” She laughed now as well, “My father was German, my mother Japanese.” He kissed her then, at first she was surprised, but soon she kissed him back.

Deep within the ship two very small black holes were spinning faster and faster around each other, building a mass so incredible that it's weight would tear a hole in the fabric of the universe. While above, two humans shared themselves in the most basic of ways. The way we have since we first crawled from the ocean and looked across the beach at a member of the opposite sex.

They floated naked together in the middle of the room, twisting around each other and holding, touching and kissing. Their bodies suspended in the zero gee of deep space. Without resistance to assist them, hold and

legs played a much more important role than they would on Earth. Her free hand guided his hard cock into herself and her legs pulled him inside. Warm and soft and hot and hard, they joined themselves in the act of love above a growing hole as big as time. Locked together they could feel themselves becoming one being, filled and filling, writhing and sharing. Her long black hair streamed wide behind her and his hands held her close, all so very close. His hips gently moved as he moved in and out of her, her legs holding him tightly. The thrum of power around them matched the thrum of power within them and they moved in synch with the ship, and with space and time. Together they exploded into fragments of light and long streamers of time slipped through into another world. Like Alice before them they slipped into Wonderland and fell into the rabbit's hole.

The first Colony ship popped out of NSpace into orbit around the only known “Earth-like” world of Alpha Centauri, the Binary too unstable to have created anything more than a few super hot gas giants. The Captain proudly stood on the bridge and asked his First Officer to scan the system. Five thousand souls were in CyroSleep chambers behind him and soon they would all be living on a new world. The green world spun below them, perfect, new and untouched by man. The First Officer ran to the Captain, “Sir!” The Captain was worried as he saw the look on his FO's face, “What is it?” “Captain, we've... we've picked up a radio signal from the planet Sir.” The captain strode to the viewport, “What are you saying?” “There are people down there Sir, the message says, ‘It took you long enough. This is Sergeant Ronald Pennington and Ingrid Tamara of the USN Enceladus... Welcome to the New World.’



hard naked touching wait

the air touches skin and raises sensitive bumps along legs and arms. smooth hands glide along well worn and delicate pathways known since childhood. waiting. naked on the couch. anticipating love. wanting fucked. needing you. sigh and breath in the air. you've never been afraid to care. days since last we touched. since you held his manhood in your hands and felt its heat throbbing in your grasp. that delicate skin, so powerful and open and trusting and thrusting and full of life. thinking your legs open slightly and the cool morning air touches your pussy lips. moist already and red with simmering heat. your back arches and you settle deeper into the cushions. you feel your finger tracing his chest feeling his heart beating within. lightly you trace the outline of his stomach knowing the tingle it rises in him, your hands find his belt and open it and tease pulling down slowly revealing secrets and sacred places, your fingers ply along and your eyes drink in the wonder of it as it rises into the air. your hand traces lower and your legs open more. a moment to admire its graceful curve upward, purple and red its swollen head pulses in sight, thick and strong and soft and hard. thinking, dreaming and wanting. you ache for penetration, for sharing, for simply being locked in deep fucking, open and inside and pounding, your fingers find your now moist clit and slowly, you rub, lightly. in the mind your hand takes his cock and brings it forth for the first of many kisses. you smell his manly smell and your stomach butterflies fly free and circle the room, light-headed you kiss his thick head and slowly open your lips, wet and hot, up and around you slide and you hear the very first grunt from above, and inward you smile at the power and love and control and pleasure that is yours to give. faster you play below as your heart races waiting for him. he slides into you deeply and agonizingly slowly, your tongue flicking along the soft underbelly of his cock, the sweet spot and his hips move into you as your hands hold his ass and pull lightly, you feel them contract and tighten as his cock rests fully in your mouth. now your frantic hands move quicker down below and your hips rise as the sound of the doorbell rings within your mind...

...he's home. and you are more than ready.



Hot White Night

She stood in the window overlooking Central Park, her gown flowing lightly in the evening breeze, her eyes exploring the darkening sky and her hands holding her empty glass and she sighed. Her hair flowed towards the Earth as she turned slightly and looked at me. I was sitting cross-legged in the leather chair by the roaring fireplace, my own drink having been depleted some time ago. Overcome by watching her not move and listening to her not speak. She looked at me. Those raven eyes penetrated my heart and pierced my soul. Laid bare I could do little but shift uncomfortably in my seat, the empty glass falling to the carpeted floor. The lights of the city that never sleeps danced around her as she all so very slowly let the gown slip across her body and descend gracefully to the ground.

In full glory my eyes hungrily ate from her beauty. She was like a goddess newly amongst us mortals. She was normal. She was extraordinary, she was you, she was all of us, potential and unsung songs of ancient lands. Her breasts moved ever so slightly with her breath, rising and falling and unseen. Her own glass tumbled to the floor as our eyes remained locked across the room. My legs grew tired and moved open on their own. I shifted again with knowing it. My hands went about their own errands and my mind encompassed only her. My tongue wet my dry lips and I imagined them dancing along her white inner thigh. She read my thoughts and her long slender legs opened a little. A Police helicopter flew by and briefly the searchlight streamed between her legs, illuminating in bright white glory the secrets held within.

The curtains fluttered in the wind that was not there and she moved slightly, shifting her weight and gaining confidence. My hands had

finished their work and I found myself briefly wondering how I had become naked sitting in the chair. I could not move, such was her hold on me. Riveted I looked into her eyes and found such heat as to warm the coldest night. My hands became heavy and full of lead, I barely had the strength to place them on the armrests before I could no longer move them. There in the window she stood and I could detect the smallest of smiles as her full and blood red lips curled. Her hips jutted forward suddenly and my own body jerked as my rapidly hardening cock stood rigidly at attention. It felt as if hot hands were holding it straight up as I saw her red hot cunt open between her legs. The lights of the city glistened in the moisture of those lips and she began to sway.

Between my own legs I could feel the pull and pressure of her movements and the silky descent of her sex over me from across the room. I could smell the pheromone laden air circle around my lungs and my mind floated in ecstasy. Her

movements became more rapid and more animal, and in my peripheral sight I could see my engorged cock dancing with her every motion. She laughed silently then within herself and I became even more aroused and desperate. Pounding away and fucking her from thirty feet away, in and out of her hot white cunt, kissing and eating and needing and being one with the goddess, I bucked and squirmed and felt the animal rise within me and beg to be freed, to ravage, to destroy, to push down on the floor and fuck the shit out of her. But I sat and squirmed and sweated and still she danced. Her hands wandered across her breasts and lightly touched her erect nipples before descending to her sex and spreading herself even further. The pressure built within me and it felt as if I would likely die in the coming explosion of white hot heat.

I burst forth the most powerful and all-encompassing orgasm of my life and over and over my spasms rocked me again and again and she spread her legs wide and opened herself fully as

my issue traveled in a wide and long arc across thirty feet of space. The white stream crossed the room and entered into her, the World's Record was mine, but my mind was lost in the sky and in the fantasy of fucking her so intensely. My eyes never left hers, I never blinked, or wavered. She stood then, before the night sky.

A shriek escaped her lips then as she reared her head back, a shrill and high pitched wail of otherworldly flavor. Her song filled the night and shattered the window as glass and curtain burst into the night air. She pulled her arms wide and unfurled her long and proud snow white wings. She gave me no story as she leaned back and fell from the forty-seventh floor. I heard the pounding of her wings above the shriek of the wind pouring into my apartment. For hours I sat and stared at the empty spot where once had stood a goddess. Slowly my mind and my body became mine once again. But my heart was missing and would always be hers. Forevermore.

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A long ago place in a far away land, the kind of land of dreams and myth and legend, there lived a woman. There lived many women in point of fact and many men as well, but this one particular woman was very special. Her name was Morgana Splendid, and while in some lands that would have made her special, in this land it did not. No, it was something else entirely that made Morgana Splendid special. You see from the time she was only twelve Morgana could shoot lightning bolts from her lovely pussy. Oh yes, I hear you scoff, but scoff not oh wise ones. The world is large and many wonders exist that defy easy logic and reasonable minds. So, your scoff does not change the reality of Morgana's special ability. Or curse if you will.

For you see Morgana was the most beautiful woman in all of this land, and many others in the surrounding areas. Indeed, Kings, Knights, Men of valor and those of model like features would come from far and wide to simply gaze upon her from a safe distance, preferably behind a shield of

thick non-conducting material. Such as rubber. But they dare not venture to close. Not since what had happened to poor Henry Cuddles. Henry and Morgana were destined to be lovers from an early age. It wasn't destiny as much as her parents selling her to his parents, but they liked to think of it as destiny. Makes everyone feel better about such things. On her birthday Morgana was wed to young Henry Cuddles in a brief ceremony at the local firehouse. For neither family could afford a decent church wedding. On their honeymoon night in the small shack that Henry had built the week before, they lay together for the first time. Poor unsuspecting Henry Cuddles pulled back the lovely Morgana's dress and slipped her undergarments to the floor. He smiled and his erection become even more erect upon the sight of such a beautiful and amazing pussy. Few men are as fortunate as Henry Cuddles and few men are as short lived. For in the very height of his growing expectation a fiery bolt of pure white hot lightning leaped from Morgana's electric vagina and cooked him where he stood. Right down to his boots.

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Crispy and very much dead as a doornail.

Now men looked but dared not touch. What they did behind those shelters was their own business, and the business of Morgana's Father, Usted Splendid. For Usted not only built and maintained the shelters, but also charged a ten pence for ten minutes of viewing pleasure. Men with model like features had to pay more, for Usted could not abide pretty boys. For years life went this way for Morgana Splendid. Until one fateful day in mid-March, when into the village rode a normal looking man of ruggedly handsome features. He inquired of Morgana at the local Inn and was sent on his way to pay Usted his fee. But upon his first sight of Morgana he bravely walked towards her and handed her a single rose. He said, "For each man, there is but one true and perfect love." She smiled, but warned, "True ruggedly handsome stranger, but come any closer and my pussy will fry you where you stand." He said not a word, but only smiled as he lowered

his trousers. Morgana gasped, as did Usted and the other hidden men from behind their shelters. For there for all to see was a perfect, long and suitably thick cock - made of shiny metal. "Fair Morgana, I am called Johnny Metalcock and I am your one true love." And as Morgana went to him, lightning poured forth from her powerhouse pussy and leaped across to his metallic cock, caressed it, loved it and hurt him not one single iota. In fact its mere touch caused him great pleasure. And right there in plain sight, Johnny Metalcock fucked Morgana Splendid for the first time.

So scoff if you will, but this story is true. Did they live happily ever after? Who knows really, these stories never really go into all that do they? I'm sure they had their ups and downs and perhaps Johnny was a lazy no account bastard. But for that one shining moment true love prevailed, and who wants to know more than that anyway?

**LIGHTNING
PUSSY**



The night overwhelmed him and his head rested in his hands. Barry Norfield was lost and he knew it. The thing about being lost and self-aware is the irony of doubt. It creeps around the edges and suffuses the skin, sinking in deep and bringing shadows to the mind. This was the end of wandering lost for Barry. Tonight in the dark, small corner of his dirty, tired and lonely life, awaited restitution. Release from doubt. An end to a journey of heartbreak and aching loneliness. The weight of decision rested heavy in the .45 Colt Semi-Automatic pistol in his right hand. Black, cold and lifeless it hung quivering in the shake of his nerves. Lost yes. Dark as night all hope had been extinguished and snuffed out. The light of the moon glinted from the shell casings strewn across the moldy carpet at his naked feet.

The open window mocked him with sounds from a world he had decided to exit. In his soul he knew he had no choice. He was tragically wrong.

{“Barry! You have a minute?” His boss, Mr. Nurfold called out to him. Barry knew what was coming. For the past three weeks he had known. The work orders had slowly dried up and the only thing coming across his desk had been the small black spiders from the corner air vent. He shuffled into the office and sat on the black plastic chair. Third job in six months. His boss talked like a teacher from an old Peanuts cartoon and Barry only heard one word, “fired”. He shook the cold sweaty proffered hand and shuffled out the door. He didn’t stop at his desk and no one said goodbye.}

secret reads: from a tear

{He watched as cold green slices of lettuce entered her mouth in an assembly line of munching. This lunch would be their last, he knew this because that was the first - and so far - last words she had spoken to him. And now the salad of doom. Munch. Munch. Munch. He stared out the window at the street and watched as an old woman tripped and

fell, people swarmed and swirled, but no one stopped to help her to her feet. Painfully she clawed her way back to vertical status and he simply watched, locked behind glass and removed from the world. She pushed the last olive around the plate with her fork and declared their three year “friendship” over, kaput, finished. He snorted and

she sneered. She was repulsed by him and he was desperate for her, no future for either. She left suddenly and Barry stared at his untouched salad of doom. A small black spider crawled across his fork. }

{His Mother was somewhere inside the equipment, covers, wires and beeping machines of sustaining life. It was difficult to relate the small pieces of flesh that showed through the white covers to someone who had once been a beautiful and caring person. A Mother. A woman that had endured beatings, abuse and contempt to raise her only son. A warrior and a set of arms that held off the encroaching world, lips that said I love you and a heart that always believed, despite evidence to the contrary. Now consumed by ravenous renegade cells to a husk and a mockery of a hard life. The house was gone, everything was gone into the hole of bills and hope. The

beeping slowly ceased. He leaned in and kissed her cold cheek. }

{His ‘87 Dodge Valiant died on the way home from the hospital in the middle of the freeway. His head hurt from the beer bottle an irate driver had thrown at him with curse words and spit. }

{His electric was cut off and the eviction notice was waiting under the door when he finally arrived. He thought for sure he could hear the envelope mocking him. }

{When he took the gun from the dresser drawer he had dropped it on his toe. }

The entire world came down to this small space around him now. Squeezed into a volume not much bigger than a phone booth, it laid heavily upon Barry’s sunken shoulders. He started to cry quietly

and a single solitary tear dropped from his cheek and fell slowly down to the carpet below. The boom of its landing echoed in the room and his hand raised the gun into his lap. A rest stop along the way. He shuddered then and breathed deep. As his hand lifted from his lap his eyes grew wide at the sudden light that filled the dark room. White blinding light and a soft hum of voices and then darkness again. He lifted his head and saw spots before him. He rubbed his eyes with his unencumbered left hand and stared at the softly glowing naked woman standing before him. He had no words for this vision and thought briefly that he may have gone finally mad. She kneeled before him and placed her warm hands upon his knees. “Love.” she said softly, the choir of voices subtle in

her tone. He stared dumbfounded and confused. “You are loved Barry and you’ve missed it.” He looked upon her incredible beauty and stammered, “Who are you?” She smiled and said, “I am a lawbreaker, a criminal. I have broken my oath for you.” He looked down at the black metal in his lap, “For me? Why?” Her lovely hand touched his cheek and lifted his gaze, “You took the wrong path my Love and you are fucking blinded by despair.” She smiled. “Are angels supposed to curse?” She took the gun from his hand and placed it against his temple, “You want to die Barry Norfield!? When happiness is a step away?” Her voice was strong and power flowed within it. “You are all the same, I wonder now why I bothered.” He shook, “W-what do you mean, a step away?” She sighed and the gun came away from his

head, “You are an idiot, but I love you. You’ve lived here for three lousy years and you have no fucking clue because you are so self-absorbed. Not unusual. But I promised you... anyway...” She stood and he could see her beautiful naked body in its full glory. “Choose another path. Your next door neighbor Gloria Perkins is deeply shy, deeply alone and deeply in love with you. Right now she also has a gun to her head in the very room next to yours.” And with that she vanished as quickly as she had appeared.

{The wedding was well attended, friends, family, business associates... the media.}

{Holding his son in his hands he was surprised at how light he was. He cooed and smiled at him and he held him

close and tears of joy cascaded down his cheeks.}

{Making love one night years later his heart swelled with love so fierce and overwhelming that he thought he had died and gone to heaven. Gloria asked him later if he was ok and he kissed her and smiled and said, “I love you.”}

{Surrounded by grandkids and friends and family Barry Norfield died of extreme old age on a Saturday afternoon on the shores of the Gulf. We are all familiar with who he is and the accomplishments that made him famous... and the world a better place. His beautiful wife Gloria Norfield had died the day before and friends close to the family simply stated that Barry could not bear to live without his love.}

the night wrapped its cold arms around him as he stood gazing out the open window. his dark silhouette filled the moonlight and his body spoke of power and weight and passions dark and mysterious. he gazed into the night, seeing more than eyes could see and sighed deeply as he turned. “fucking bitch.” his voice rattled the bones of the dead and smoke billowed from his nostrils. as he turned into the room his enormous cock swung into view, hard and erect and full of potential. his dark gaze rested upon the naked and spread-eagled woman tied by chains upon the bed. her head lifted and she spat in his direction, “fuck you dark lord.” her ample breasts were taunt and her exposed cunt glistened wetly in the self-same moonlight that played upon his ebony skin. he moved closer in pounding steps that shook the foundation of the house. her outer lips swelled and opened as she screamed, “goddamn you, keep away!” she tried to pull free from the restraints but she was held tight and strong and no matter of writhing and twisting could free her. but deep inside, as the engorged and red swollen tip of his monstrous cock inched closer, she found herself pulled towards it and opening her legs even wider. “submit you fucking whore.” not a whisper but a statement of power. and her struggles subsided for the moment as her eyes grew wide from the view of his coal black demon cock hovering between her sweaty thighs. “don’t... please...” she begged. he leaned ever so much forward and the head of his cock filled the space between her legs, its heat almost too much for her to bear. but still her body betrayed her and her hips rose to meet his pressure and he pushed... hard... and she opened wide... wider than she could and she felt herself rip as he entered her and the pain, blood, pleasure swarmed through her and she nearly passed out. smoke rose as her pubic hairs burst into small little fires and he laughed deeply as his length pushed into her. again she rose to allow him in, her eyes closed, his weight descending over her and crushing the breath from her chest, her nipples hard and squished against him. his hot wet tongue brushed across her face and she felt him deep within her, she was open and fully impaled by him and still deeper... he began to thrust slowly in and out, slowly building speed. “you are mine bitch.” he said and his claws raked into her back. she arched and came in waves of fury, an angry powerful orgasm that flowed from her pussy out through her mind. he grunted and moved unnaturally within her and she felt him moving inside in ways unclean and despotic. the smell of dirt and earth filled her nostrils and she drifted through yet more waves of the next orgasm, shivered and uncontrollable quakes, writhing beneath him. and then he growled and fire leaped from his eyes and his cock swelled within her and red hot molten cum spewed into her, filling her with heat, lava, and fire. she came again and again as his spunk filled and overflowed and shot in jets from between them and sprayed the walls and ceiling. and he went on and on and she lost herself and he lost himself and they were lost together. they both collapsed.

in the morning nadine kissed her husband harold on the cheek and laughed. he asked her what was so funny. she smiled and said, “these holographic suits you bought....” he kissed her back, “you liked that last night, didn’t you?” her hands idly played with his cock, “oh yes, tonight can i be the demon?” he smiled and laughed, “my love, you can be anything you want.”

demon lust.



On or about July, 2009, can't be sure of the exact date. Fred, Wilma and me are still on the run, have been now for at least the last three months, maybe longer. The days before they came are getting harder to remember. We are hiding in an old abandoned Starbucks now and luckily the WiFi is still working, as is my old trusty apple laptop. If anyone finds this, please know that we tried. We tried to survive, tried to save the... damit all to hell, save anyone we fucking could! Butt it was no use, we are the slaves now, fucked up the ass by the... wait, let me start

from the beginning, as much as i can.

Fred and I were working on AI research, Artificial Intelligence, for the Defense Department, weapons research mostly. It was a low funded outfit in the Valley and we shared office space with LoveMonkey International, yeah, the sex toy people. Remember the first realistic LoveBot? Those guys. They were fun, Abdul, Jonas and Candy were the top three researchers. One day during the Solar Storms in '08, Candy comes running in all happy with a big box full of the new line of SmartHole Butt Plugs they'd been working on. Well, wouldn't you know it, she trips and the entire box goes flying into the open vat of Gamma Sludge and then tips over onto the main AI array? Just then a hell of a big burst of solar radiation spiked through that damn ozone hole and we all ducked behind the shielding for about ten minutes. When we came out about fifty butt plugs were just hovering there in the air, floating, turning around and around.

You could just tell from the way they floated that they were evil as all hell.

Then a bunch of 'em flew out the window like lightning and then a few turned towards us. We tried to swat them away, but it was no use. Then, with that now all-too-familiar whooshing sound, they implanted themselves right into our asses! Damn it felt good, so fucking good we did what ever they asked. Fred thinks it is some kind of mind-control, butt I think it has more to do with the overwhelming pleasure. Whatever it really is I don't remember anything from the next week or weeks. When we came to our senses finally the world we found was much different than the one we remembered. The IBPO's (Intelligent Butt Plug Overlords, their name, not ours.) had quickly established dominion over us by inserting themselves in the asses of all the world's leaders. President McCain had one up his ass for sure, as we suspected most world leaders did. The economies had collapsed and the world

was in chaos and increasing ruin. Butt we shortly found out how much worse it could be when Candy died.

We finally made our way out of the city and headed into the mountains for Fred's cabin. It took two weeks of hell to finally get out of that madhouse and we were all glad to be on the road. We stopped for gas in Basleton. Y'know, Home of the Mystery Hole, tourist trap? Funny how the universe works sometimes isn't it? Anyway Candy and Wilma went into the ladies room and us guys went into the store to grab some supplies. No one was around, the entire area was empty. We hadn't seen any people for days. It was quiet too, eerie quiet, not even birds or insects. So it wasn't hard to hear that whoosing sound and Wilma's scream. We ran outside to find Wilma standing over Candy as she writhed around on the ground. She was naked from the waste down and furiously masturbating. Wilma was hysterical, but clearly one of the IBPO's had inserted itself into Candy's

ass. We all thought she would get up and start doing its dirty work, whatever that might be, but she didn't get up. Instead she started orgasming over and over again, rubbing herself furiously. It was Abdul that first noticed the skin, her skin was starting to shrink in front of us. It started slowly, but began building and sucking the life right out of her. The entire time she just smiled her O face and withered away, and there was nothing we could do. Oh, we tried, but no matter how hard we pulled, the IBPO would not come out of her ass. Until she finally grew still, little more than tightly pulled skin over a skeleton. The damn thing floated out and with a whoosh it was gone.

That was three days ago and we are only a day or two away from the cabin now. I don't have much longer, we heard a whoosh about twenty minutes ago and are hiding our asses here in the Starbucks until the coast is clear. Please, if anyone finds this message, we will be in Cabin 42 on Lake Washington

in Northern California, send help as soon as you can. And if you can, get a message to my wife Betty in Santa Monica. We hear stories about what is going on down there that are to hard to believe. We have to find a way to destroy these things before they destroy us. Fred and Jonas have been working on something that just might work.

I can only hope it does before it is to late and the whole human race is fucked up the ass. The end. Barney.



Blue, cold and dark my world swirls around me, enveloping me in pressure and time and illusion. I sing to my clan family and wish them total as I make for light and emptiness. They linger, comfortable in their darkness. They do don't fathom my desires. Neither do I. Trek swim cozy in light, to feel the orb of fire upon my face, this swims me hard and fast up. It hurts, yes. But worthy pozy. I ponder. Always outside the clan since earliest days. Always in trouble I ponder. Up I swim into the big empty.

vermilion to royal to reflex the shades lighten around me purty and warm-ish, first glimmer of hot orb snakes down. Little brothers skate and swish,

pressure lightens and I am buoyant and light and free. I burst through into the big empty, the ceiling of blue and white above me. I scanner the dry dirt strip and ribbon of green and make haste yonder. Lungs burning, but joy burns brighter in my chest. My gills flutter in the empty and the dry dirt comes closer. I scanner a creature upon the dirt and halt cozy quick. Bobbing in the swells of surf I see her. No mistake that, her breasts betray her. Despite confusion lower her beauty is true. Closer I scan. Until I touch upon the bottom. My heart thumps and I flop onto the dry dirt. She is unworld and closed to dreams.

I scanner human and my brain fuzzy wont big story. Here I see what old clan tell of and warnings school clan told. But I am of curious nature. I scanner more and whot not unbelieve, no tail single, but two sticks like brother octopus sorta tell. A dark patch between, so pale, white and soft I privy. Before time tells I am closer and reach out to touch her skin, warm and tender yes. She stir and sigh breath towards empty. Her breasts are large and full and soft to touch. But scanner drawn to dark patch and smell I reckon upon, phermones tingle me deep. And pinkish hints I

On The Sun Beach Privy

scanner make stirring move. Unbidden my genital sphincter opens and sheath hard and moist pulls forward. Driven but caution warrant cozy thought. Her eyes open and she scanner me there. She stir and move right quick, my hands hold strong, driven by curiosity unexplained. She emanates sonic harshness and I cringe in deep wozy worry, but bio drive and I am upon her then. My sheath is engorged to full length, white and hard in the orb of fire light. Weight softens her squishy and sonic stops as she opens and my sheath slides into her pink.

Otherworldly she envelopes me hot and wet, I thrust deep and sonic starts again. Hurt cozy wozy need her scanner tightly closed, her stick arms hit me barely. I work love upon her and build up and out of inner soul. Working a deposit and then my sheath barbs grab hold inside and rip her blood ooze forth hot and warm and mental touch synch happens so wozy quick I loose...

“MY GOD what is this creature!!? I am being raped... or am I? It isn't human, but I can feel its love now, I... I... am I hearing its thoughts, it has come so far and has fallen in love with me... or is that the right privy? What? I am confused... oh god, what is it doing to me, feels so fucking good, oh my god am I bleeding... oh.. that is incredible, i feel him moving inside me...Thoughts...blue, deep...love.... AHHHHHHHHH FUCK!”

Burst into privy share she writhes beneath me and I shareness wozy deep and implant my essence and bring joy. Under fire and empty world I slide off and rake my claws across her breast, the welts mark her privy to me until end time and dark. Lungs burn bright and hot, need to breath again, so scanner home and back to blue. Glance back at dry dirt ribbon and skinny arm is moving up and down, frantic feel. I turn and dive deep to dark cozy whot. Another cycle and clan home tell.

I fathom less now than before.

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CURVING HEAT

The heat was overpowering, suffused in the air and inescapable. The interior of the car was an oven and the AC did little beyond the first six inches of the dashboard. If Roger would've been able to drive with his face plastered against the vents, things would have been fine, cozy, tolerable. As it was, with that option denied for obvious reasons, he sweated his flop sweat and sat in his own misery. He rolled the driver's side window down, a futile gesture, but at least hot air would be moving across his

face. It only made matters worse and he pondered a return to the cool environs of his apartment. Errands or not, the world would go on. It was then that he saw her walking before him and his oven car. The curves drove his eyes beyond the salty sting of the sweat dripping into them, and he wiped his brow again. He had seen her before, at distance, hurried unfocused glances, burned into his mind. But here she was in the flesh, tight and seemingly unbothered in the gaze of the summer sun.

He slowed and watched her curves sway into each other and move tightly against the strain of the fabric. They spoke to him of time beyond time and wonders beyond those of mere mortals, they sang and danced and beckoned. He knew he would speak and she would smile. The act of talking drained the moisture from him and she agreed to a cool drink on his balcony. He turned back towards the parking spot and watched her twist in the rear view mirror where objects may appear closer than they

actually are. Her curves didn't stop moving and gracefully dancing as she walked. He smiled free of the confines of the auto oven and now drenched he thanked the Gods for the foresight of choosing light clothing and shorts.

Her name was Curve and the sparks flew immediately, she smiled a curvy smile and he returned it. Together they went into the cool dark of the apartment and his hand brushed the curve of her back and his cock throbbed and hurt within his shorts. She stopped and spun within and her curves followed the arc of her body tightly and like springs coiled to pounce. She breathed words of sweat and heat and hot afternoons and he removed his shirt and held her close. Her curves pressed against his sweaty hot chest and her hands grabbed his hard curves and pulled him close. She could feel the rock between his legs and she moved slightly and opened up and they were naked in the slight dark of afternoon dappled sunlight, slats of

light played on her curves and his eyes feasted on the skin and the tone and the marked art masterpiece of her flesh. Together they melted in skin on skin contact the moisture poured forth and mingled in hair and sinew and muscle and hot breath that burned the air already hot. His hands never stopped rolling the sweat across her curves and her mysteries and caverns. Touch. Wet touch in the heat and cool of fire burned them and her sweet hot fire tortured his soul. His hands forced her open and the flame and wavering heat flowed from her red hot pussy and called his name. He glanced at the curves and softly pink hot fire between her legs and his furnace steel cock pulsed with heat and passion. They kissed this cock and pussy, sweaty and wet and fire and burning flames of passion and hell unleashed. Sliding into her curves he was undone and exposed and brought to his knees and begging to be fucked like a wild animal running from a forest fire. His hands continued to find more curves and explore what his cock

and lips and hips and knees and feet missed, her claws raked across his back unleashing the pent up heat from beneath his skin. Fuck me so hard I burst into flames, oh God damn the heat, the fire I am on fire! Fucking bitch, fuck you, goddamn you, flew across the room and into bursty bits of bursting things that dropped moist, wet and all so hot into ears and mouths and asses. Flowing, building and heat rubbing against heat hotly melting into one organism melted together... oh my god!! screams and biting and flame...

Exhausted they collapsed and flowed apart in the drenched afterglow of moisture quickly drying in the slatted sunlight playing across curves that curved curvily into further curves. His eyes and hands never stopped plying and touching and wondering hungrily over the curves.

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Kathryn awoke with a start in the upper floor bedroom, dark and misty from the night air. Slats of moonlight arched across the walls and down onto the floorboards. She pulled the quilt tight around her neck, her eyes wide and momentarily lost. Her dreams lately had been haunted by terrors she did not remember in the waking world of morning. But tonight, in the middle between dusk and dawn, the tortured screams of the damned reached her minds eye as clear as the kitchen bell. Their echoes faded in the stillness around her and she slowly began to calm. Her breathing slowed and her heart pounded slower, as she began to fall back into sleep. The sudden sound from the open window reversed her action and brought her wide awake.

It was the clap of the huge wooden barn door in the back yard and she quietly went to the window sill. Through the gloom of

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moonlight shadows she could see the large foreboding barn in the distance. In the hollow darkness of the building's windows she swore she could see the faint cast of torchlight. She had suspected for many months now that something happened in the barn one night each month when the moon was full. But her Father denied it. Strongly denied it. In fact his denial was inappropriately strong in her mind. The barn had always been off limits to her and her brother Tom, despite the amount of chores they were expected to help with. Especially tending to the horses. She gathered her bed clothes around her legs and decided it was time to learn the truth.

Sneaking out of the old wooden farmhouse was always dangerous, the least misstep and something would creak, or moan, or shift. The house itself was alive, she was convinced, and not partial to young ladies sneaking out in the middle of the night. But tonight she was careful and floated like the wind through the house, through the kitchen and out the back door. Her feet squished in the wet grass and she cursed under her breath for not remembering to wear shoes or even slippers. The old barn sat about seventy-five yards from the house and under cover of several large oak trees she made the distance quickly. When her hands brushed up against the worn wood of the barn door she finally started breathing again, this was now as close as she

had ever been to the dark building. She was now in the moons shadow and the night enveloped around her darkly. She slowly made her way to the nearest window. She had to climb up on a small pile of wood in order to see into the window. Slowly she turned to look inside. Her recent decision to breathe again was a short lived one.

As her eyes adjusted to the gloom she could clearly make out a circle of men, probably thirteen or so, holding torches. Each one was completely naked and for the first time in her fourteen years Kathryn saw her first naked man. Men, in point of fact. Of course she had helped many times to wash her little brother Tom and wondered at the length of flesh between his legs. And, living as she did on a farm, she had witnessed many animals reproducing. So the act of sexual congress was as natural to her as anything else. But she was surprised at how different it all suddenly seemed now that she was confronted with it in the flesh, as it were. These men were fully grown and their cocks were much bigger than Tom's, red and slightly swollen and much larger than Tom's. She could feel herself growing flush between her legs and the ache had started. Without thinking her hand had already started rubbing gently down there, she was naked beneath her thin bed clothes. They were saying something inside, something like a chant, but she couldn't make out the

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words. And now she finally saw her own Father, also naked, dragging a bundle into the circle. The bundle was moving.

Her Father wielded a long knife and cut the bonds holding the bundle tight. He pulled the cover apart and revealed a beautiful naked woman bound and gagged inside. Kathryn didn't recognize her, but she was clearly frightened. The chanting picked up speed now and she noticed that every man's cock had risen fully erect, even her own Father. Her own hand went deeper into her now moist pussy as she watched. The men dragged the woman onto a stone pedestal and pulled her legs and arms down over the side and secured them there. She swore that she saw the shadows move within the room, but that must have been a trick of the torchlight. The circle grew tighter but she could still see the woman writhing on the dark stone. Her Father approached the woman, knife in hand, and he entered her. Kathryn watched as her Father began fucking the helpless woman. Now the shadows did move and they descended upon her Father. They seemed to melt into him and he was transformed into a huge, snarling beast. Kathryn could feel her hand rubbing faster and faster, she was getting very close now. The beast raised its clawed hand and the knife gleamed in the torchlight... and then it stopped. For a moment the chanting also stopped and the only sound was her own breath on the window glass. Then the beast

turned and its evil red eyes burned into her soul.

She scrambled back and the logs gave way under her and she tumbled onto the wet grass. But she was quickly to her feet and running into the night. In her terror she ran away from the house and into the woods opposite the field. Behind her she heard a terrible racket that sounded like the door being ripped from its hinges and she screamed. As the branches slapped her face and cut her skin, she could hear pounding footsteps behind her and she knew the beast was after her. It had seen her, known she was there, watching. Being watched. Ahead she saw a clearing and fell from the woods into a shaft of moonlight. Before she could regain her feet she was pulled roughly into the air and spun around. It held her in one hand and its breath was hot on her face. In the night it was a hulking shape of black and fiery red eyes. **"I SMELL VIRGIN BLOOD."** Its voice was the voice of rotten things and long dead animals buried for the ages. She could not reply, its grip made it impossible to speak. The beast's other taloned hand flicked and her night clothes fell to the ground and she was naked before it. Its face sniffed between her legs and it roared, **"I WILL HAVE THIS UNSPOILED THING!"** Its grip shifted and she saw it then, rising before her, an unearthly cock as big around as a man and nearly as tall. The heat from the thing nearly singed her hair and she nearly fainted

imagining that thing buried inside of her.

"please... no", was all she could muster and the beast simply laughed. Its claws pulled her legs apart and she saw the red hot head of its cock press against her. Then, as if by some magic foul and deviant, she opened for it and the fire burned her as it entered. She felt as if she would surely split into two halves, so full and open. She could see the bulge of it under her skin as it traveled up her belly, how could she be so wide and not be dead or ripped apart? The heat was unbearable and she thought she could smell her flesh burning. The thing pressed deeper into her and started to roughly fuck her. At the first stroke she came harder than anything she had ever done with her own hands. She screamed and she started to come over and over as the thing grew even bigger within her. She could feel the warm blood running down her ass and dripping on the ground but in her ecstasy she paid no attention to it. Now the beast released its grip and she was suspended in mid-air, skewered on the beast's cock. Its head rolled back and it roared into the night air. Suddenly it began to spasm and she felt a river of molten fire pour into her, again and again and again. Her last thought before she finally lost consciousness was, "Will it ever end? I don't want it to stop." And then darkness.

When she finally awoke she was back in her own bed and her Mother was sitting next to her. "My child, what nightmares you must have had. You gave your Father and me such a fright." In the doorway she could see her Father's shadow. "But Mother... it was so..." She stopped when her Father shifted. "So what dear?", her Mother asked. She smiled at her Mother in the dark, "Oh, nothing... a nightmare... as you said, that's all." Her Mother kissed her forehead and rose, "Good night dear, no more nightmares for you." As they left the room Kathryn's hand went to her belly, she swore that she felt something move inside of her. And was her belly somehow... bigger, than it had been? From the doorway her Father turned, "Good night Kathryn... I love you." She pulled the quilt up to her cheek and screamed inside of her mind. She did not answer.



pussyface

No one knows where she came from, and no one knows where she is today. She only passed through town one day, I believe this happened back in early May. She couldn't speak, so no one knows her name, but they'll never forget her all the same. Some say she was a mutant, some say from outer space, no doubt she was unusual, for her pussy was on her face. Her eyes were down below, where her pussy ought to be. So she walked kinda strange, so that where she was going, she could see. At first all were afraid, even terrified. When pussyface the townsfolk first spied. She took some getting used to, of that I can't deny. When you had to look her in the crotch, to see her eye-to-eye.

This little village in the plains, wasn't quite used to events this strange. Indeed folks round these parts, had grown hard as granite in their hearts. Sex was something you hid in the house, in a locked bedroom, quiet as a mouse. It wasn't taught at school, it wasn't discussed, if anyone said anything at all, they were considered a fool. This was the way it was, the way it had always been. Ladies went about all covered up and pre-marital sex was considered a horrible sin. Into this town walked, without a stitch of clothes, a woman all called pussyface. The townsfolk considered the whole thing a true and embarrassing disgrace.

Now down at the end of Main Street, in a house all shuttered and discreet, lived a family by the name of McRoc. No one ever saw their son Elroy, so no one knew he had a face with a cock. Home-schooled and hidden away, Elroy had never seen the light of day. For eighteen years they had kept him in the dark, so no one about his face could remark. But on this day when pussyface walked by his place, Elroy stood up straight and tall, and I'm talking about that member on his face. He burst from the house as fast as he could go, having eyes in his crotch meant he had to take it kinda slow. Pussyface turned and saw McRoc, and she couldn't miss his face with a cock. Together they circled and then stood, face-to-face as it were, and in each of their hearts they understood.

But the gathered townsfolk were aghast, they yelled and screamed, "Out of this town you must go, and fast!" But then the crowd grew silent and still, as little Cynthia McCurdle walked up to the pair and said in a small voice, but shrill. "You seem made for each other, I think that's a fact, but your congress should be handled with some tact." For while the crowd had started to grow amok, the two new lovers had started to fuck. Elroy's cock was buried in her face, and they were moving at a furious pace. The townsfolk all turned beet red upon their necks, watching this odd but loving couple having sex. Several teens back in the crowd,

starting kissing and touching and growing rather loud. The elders screamed, "We should have known!" and each one bent over and picked up a stone. By then however it was far too late, several old Aunties had started to masturbate. In fact, and this is true, some younger couples hips had begun to gyrate. Watching this couple had broken a spell, had cracked the ice, and now the effects had started to swell. But still and yet, some things never are through, and several of the elders their rocks they threw. I wish I could relay a happy ending, I really do. But just as Elroy had started to orgasm, a big 'ol rock hit him in the head and he started to spasm.

Poor Elroy McRoc, died that day back in May, on his face was his cock. And pussyface broken-hearted, quickly from that town she departed. But things have never been the same in that little town, once the box is opened it is hard to keep down. And from time to time we hear stories from far away, that pussyface became pregnant on that day. And that somewhere, out in the world, is a little Elroy Junior McRoc wearing diapers and stinky. And that, just like his dad, on his face is a little pink dinky.

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She watched the rain drop slide its wiggly way down the windshield. She almost laughed. She almost cried. Another one hit with a inaudible splat and started its journey as well. Then another. And another. It would rain today. Another gray day in a list of gray days that pressed upon her heart. Inside and out she sat motionless in her car. The automatic wipers began their thud, thudding sweep and smeared the poetry of lines from her sight. She wasn't aware that she had been sitting in the car for almost an hour now. Sitting in the car, in her

own driveway, staring at the back of the alien car in a daze. Early, she had left work early today. On such small decisions rest the weight of entire worlds. She had suspected for a long time now, the hurried lies, the trace of foreign hair, the smell of smell upon clothes, the small barely there traces that add up over time. Like sand in the wind. Blowing across a barren landscape and scouring rock down through rock. Empty she sat and stared.

>it was a day in november, also gray and chilled. she had dropped her package outside on the street and he had picked it up and looked her in the eye and said, "hello". they clicked immediately. the rest followed the script, low and high and long moments of confusion, doubt and yet drawn towards conclusion. love? yes. desire? oh yes. small shadows of doubt even then, but lost and ignored in the glare of possible union. like so many. like her now.<

>long trips for business, days away when she would wonder and smile and shake her head. not him. hard working and dedicated, in love for goodness sake. withdrawal was simply stress, pressure and demands. they would get through to

the other side and things would be like they used to be... again. wouldn't they?<

>the hang up calls in the night. normal he said, it happens. must get around to putting the number on the do-not-call list. was that hot breath on the other end? they heated up, almost once a night, and then suddenly stopped. problem solved. and soon forgotten.<

>the harsh sharp stab of anger. turned in transformed visage, a stranger stands before her and spews violence. he never touched me in anger. pressure, stress, work related, she understood and stood strong for his weakness. she played a rock, while inside jelly ruled. suddenly she found it hard to focus and often sleep would evade her nights.<

9HF-8974. The license plate on the car stared back at her. Winter night started to fall and the light from the bedroom window illuminated the upstairs. Home, her home. He brought her home. Soon time would catch up to her and she would be arriving home from work. She imagined him naked, sprawled across the sheets she had just washed yesterday, her naked

and sweaty body violating her space and touching him. She imagined the cum stains spread across the white landscape and wondered if he lay in any of them, knowing his aversion to getting anywhere near his own issue. Was that only with her? Did he do things with the stranger he wouldn't with her? Anger started to flow between her fingers clutching the wheel as a lifetime of hurt and sorrow flooded into her. The floodgates had opened now and she seethed. She became rage. She fell down a dark hole and emerged as someone else.

>fucking bitch. he first called her that on Thanksgiving day. why is it that holidays bring out the worst in people? it wouldn't be the last time he called her that, or worse. cunt. whore. his own wife. the woman that made his dinner, washed his clothes, and opened her legs whenever he "needed loving", this woman reduced to profane and evil words spoken over his tongue. hurtful words that stabbed deep into her and landed amongst the debris building up in the corners of an empty heart.<

>DON'T TOUCH THAT! she had been cleaning in his den and approached the baseball under glass. his prized possession,

that autographed globe of leather from his childhood, the sacred artifact of youth and dreams and forgotten glories. off-limits to his mate, not to be touched, upon pain and suffering. she often held it while he was at work, after years of building up the courage to do so, and read the names imprinted there, she knew them all. imagining them smiling at her in reproach, angry, but bemused at her audacity.<

Her body walked silently into the house, the once home she had picked out one August day. She had really wanted the other house down the street, but she had noticed his frown when the agent mentioned the price, she knew better. Upstairs she could hear the sounds upon the mattress, the fucking sounds, she strained and imagined the slippery slurp of his small cock sliding in and out of her wet pussy. Did she mind his midget cock? Did she pretend not to? Or was the red Cor-vette in the garage enough for her? She remembered laughing hysterically when he brought it home the first time, how angry he had become. That was the first time he called her a fucking cunt whore, combining words that, until then, had lived alone in his vocabulary. She went straight to the den and removed the baseball from its glass prison. She turned it in her hand

and wondered how Willie Mays would feel about what she was going to do?

The rain had stopped by the time she pulled out of the drive-way. That was good. The flames would burn much faster without the rain. The Vette and the woman's car burned easier than she had thought, she had been worried about that. The baseball was embedded in the Vette's windshield and she had stood there a moment until the flames licked at the stitching and started to blister the names on the pearly white leather. The garage had caught fire then and she left. Now the red flicker of redemption burned in the rear view mirror.

It was another gray day in a long list of gray days.





AUTO JOURNAL ENTRY 03.2078.02 - Thank you for using the auto-blog feature of your comm-implant.

on my way home after work i needed a few things from the food deposit and asked the car to find the nearest one. you can never tell exactly where you might be inside the car, so it is always best to ask. the almost imperceptible hum of the car slowed and i stopped playing with myself for a moment. it had been a busy day at the office anyway, so i wasn't seriously looking for an orgasm, just idly passing the time. i was feeling a little grimy and asked the car for a quick shower and genital lotion. my naked body had been out all day and i was going shopping. might as well be prepared.

by the time the car had finished with me i felt refreshed and good as new. the lid slid silently open and i stepped out into the welcome area of the food deposit. the car disappeared in line and back

around the arrival loop, i'd just pick up another one when i was finished. depending on how things went, i might need a two or three seater anyway. you could never tell. the arrival room is always busy with comings and goings, but the service here is always top notch. the welcomer was already waiting along with a servbot. this welcomer was stunningly beautiful and i played with her tits while she stroked me and took my order. the servbot does all the remembering and speedily and silently left us when it got the gist of what i needed. the welcomer had gotten me hard by now and led me cock-wise into the orgy vista.

as soon as we entered the orgy vista i remem-

bered this place, i had been here several months before. this was one of the better orgy vistas in the city and opened up to a vast neo-gee sphere. imagine a large round room, at the bottom is a clear pool of crystal clear temperature controlled water, while up above is steel-blue sky filled with puffy white clouds. all around is lush tropical vegetation and small proto-dinosaurs scampering about while hundreds of naked men and women enjoy the free-fall of neo-gee and float around swimming through the air. well, most are not swimming, they are fucking and sucking and enjoying each others company. my welcomer took my cock in her mouth as she adjusted the trans-plate and we both soared into the air. she smiled and kissed me and then swam off to other parts. i didn't even get a chance to give her a clit-tweak before she left, they must be very busy tonight. but it was ok, my eyes had already settled on a pack of writhing women at my eleven o'clock.

the pack, which i realized was about eight women all told, broke up as i approached and descended on me. they re-formed the pack, or

flesh-ball, with me in the center. one of them settled her luscious pussy over my face and another descended on my still throbbing cock, while the rest attended to each other, incorporating my toes, my fingers and anything else they could get their hands on. i quickly realized the one on my face was a mod, she was sporting two cunts side by side, so i fingered one while my tongue worked on the other. i had seen a few men that had been moded, one with his extra cock up on his chest, the other with it right above the other, but this was my first encounter with the female version. i have to say that it was very natural and extremely hot to have two beautiful and perfectly shaved pussies to work with at once. i had briefly considered the idea once, and rethought my earlier cautious nature. perhaps another cock would serve me well?

the rest of the ladies had decided to work together on getting me off and were busy working their magic on my cock. the one on my face started to cum, i hope both at the same time, and then so did i. spurting cum in free-fall is an amazing sight if you've never seen it. i remember

the contests we'd have in ed to see how far we could shoot. my personal record was 374 meters, but i think i may have exceeded that this time. the women went flying off to catch it and the one above me lowered herself onto me, it was the first chance i had to see her face. she was a stunning redhead. she smiled and introduced herself as marla and wondered if she could follow me home tonight and couple for a few days solo. i smiled back and politely answered positively. in fact i was more than a little excited, it had been about six months since i had been solo with someone and i was beginning to think i might need a re-face. just then my implant announced that my order was ready. as i started to say something to her, she indicated hers was as well. already we were synching nicely. our implants timed up and we slowly sank together back into one-gee.

by the time we left the store we had fucked a few more times and i was feeling pretty tired from all the shopping. sometimes i think i should really just have the groceries delivered auto-style, instead of taking these exhausting trips.

but then i wouldn't have met marla and had all the adventures that still awaited us. but that is a story for another time. tonight i just want to focus on marla and figure out the best way to fuck two pussies side-by-side.

AUTO JOURNAL ENTRY 04.2078.07 - Thank you for using the auto-blog feature of your comm-implant.

its been three phases since marla and i decided to go solo. things have been working better than i could have hoped for. we clicked savvy and deep in most times together and we both decided to string it out for another three phases. anything beyond that would be asking for trouble of course. solos can't manage much beyond six phases, as everyone knows. we had even talked conversationally about procreating, but neither of us have received license yet. perhaps the re-up will prompt an issue, or not. one never knows for sure.

in celebration of our re-up we decided to skip to warmer clime and spend a weekend away from the city. the northern climes were phasing into fall and the chill had started. of course, we had already begun wearing our pendants several days before the change, just to get them up to speed. before the pendants hit the market, us northerners had to clothe up for half a year, can you imagine? now we were free to be naked and natural all year round. amazing the things they can do today isn't it? i once spent a trek across Antarctica when i was sixteen completely naked in my first pendant and never felt even a slight chill. that one had been almost three centimeters across and was heavy. the ones today are light and less than a centimeter across, you barely even notice them around your neck.

we decided on grand cayman and picked a room on seven-mile beach. neither of us had been there before and it would be good to experience a new place together. we sent over our confirmation and headed to the terminal. we fucked all the way there in anticipation. we ditched our

two-seat and switched over at the terminal, we didn't even stop messing around while the switch was made. in fact, i had to stop kissing marla's pussy long enough to issue destination. she wasn't happy about it, but we both laughed. the trip would only take an hour and the cozy egg was perfect for sharing each other. travel always seems to go so fast and before long the egg



opened up and we were standing in the warm tropical sun.

it seems we arrived at the perfect time, as a beach orgy was already in progress. marla skipped off into the crowd with a smile and I

headed to the bar. after the trip i needed refresh. i am only human after all. i smiled at that as i watched my two penises swing in front of me. I had decided to spring for the extra one shortly after we went solo, side-by-side to match marla's double pussy configed mod. just for my own personal flavor however, I had gotten the second one black as night, which made an interesting combination against my bronze skin. the bar was fully auto and my nutri-fresh was waiting for me when i arrived. i was already feeling better when i felt the hot erection against my ass. i wasn't finished with my drink yet, but i bent over and felt the heat of it entering me. after he was settled he introduced himself and i was surprised when it was clark, my old ed bi-roomy. we hadn't seen each other for years and i got hard instantly knowing he was inside me again. wasn't long before i realized clark had gotten some mods as well, as his penis played special attention to my prostrate. wow, i couldn't wait to see what he'd had done. after his hot cum filled my ass I swung around and gave him a long and deep kiss and hug. i know i should have been out on the beach enjoying the orgy, but clark and

i spent the afternoon catching up and fucking some more. he always gave exceptional blowjobs.

that evening i introduced marla to clark and watched as they made love on the now almost empty beach. i just watched, which is unusual for me, but i was feeling very emotional for some reason i can't explain. maybe it was the solo, maybe the trip, maybe the sunset, maybe the thoughts regarding procreating... but i have to admit that watching clark and marla sharing each other was exciting. afterwards we all decided to take a stasis-break and called for the auto-server. the black machine gracefully made its way down the beach and we all climbed inside. it had been over a year since i had enjoyed a stasis-break and i was really looking forward to this one. we all climbed into our couches and the door slid silently closed around us and i instantly fell asleep. we had set the timer for three days and let the machine go to work, total body cleanse, work out regime, weight balance, mind-fuck, the whole treatment. for us, while we slept in stasis, the three days passed immediately and we emerged re-freshed and healthy. marla was

kissing me and clark was sucking my cock when the message-bot arrived and i almost missed it.

the bot announced that marla and i had been selected for licensing and our appointment at the center was tomorrow morning. we might be parents after all. somehow, as i slid my cock into her from behind, the thought didn't worry me as much as it probably should have.

AUTO JOURNAL ENTRY 05.2078.07 - Thank you for using the auto-blog feature of your comm-implant.

marla and i decided to get shiny for our appointment at the center. we had finally been selected for licensing and the possibility of propagating children. we'd only been solo for a little over three phases, so this was exciting news and we wanted to look our best. the bots showed quickly and we both embraced them and opened our-

selves for the shining. i was never a big believer in shine, but marla was and i had to agree that we wanted to look our best. my bot embraced me and i felt warm all over and could feel the suction on my cock and the probe sliding up my ass. i started to doze off as the brushes went to work, it was very soothing.

when we awoke a few minutes later we both sparkled in the light from the window. our skin was covered in a thin layer of nutri-shine, slippery, shiny and good for you! we laughed nervously. our insides, our sexual organs, everything was spotless. and the psychopathic drugs made us both feel wonderful and clear. we couldn't be anymore ready for what was to come as we headed across town to the center. of course, neither of us knew what was to come. no one who propagates and leaves the centers ever tells about what went on inside. i guess someone thinks it is best that way.

as we rode the slidewalk over to the center, marla and i talked about children. neither of us had ever seen any children, so most of our

conversation was centered on how they came about, what they looked like and how big they were. none of which we had the slightest clue about, but it only built the excitement. the center was easily seen, and i'm sure you have them in your own city, the large cock shaped building plunging into the subterranean depths that are shaped like a cunt. the water spraying out of the tip of the cock building was always my favorite part. we entered the waiting area and took a seat. a few other solos were around the large white room, but no one was fucking. in fact, we were supposed to abstain for at least twelve hours before arrival. marla and i found that part difficult, but we tried to sleep through most of it. as it was my dicks had been hard all morning.

a panel in the wall slid up and a large white bot came toward us. it mentioned our names and asked that we follow it into the next room. we were nervous, but we did as it asked. the next room was smaller and round and white. a large table dominated the center and that was it. us and the bot and the table. music began playing from the walls and the lighting dropped. the bot

turned and asked marla to bend over. she did and the bot slowly slid a long wire into her ass. as it did so it began telling us that we were fully licensed parents now and would be allowed to share our dna and have a single child. it then asked me to bend over and the same thing as marla happened to me. whatever it stuck up my ass was nice and soft and warm and already i was starting to feel extremely horny. the bot then



explained that marla would be expected to die during the procedure and if we both accepted that. we were both feeling so good now, i could see juices pouring from marla's pussies and my own cocks were rock hard, that we both mumbled our understanding. the bot assured us that i

would not remember anything about what was going to happen and that we would both have the greatest sex of our lives in a few moments. i was more than ready and was wondering what was taking so long. finally the thing in my ass disappeared, or i disappeared, the bot disappeared and the room was replaced with the most romantic and sensual room i had ever seen.

marla had never looked as beautiful and i kissed her and told her i loved her, and that i would miss her when she was dead. she smiled and stroked one of my cocks and said she loved me and would also miss me when she was dead. i pushed her back onto the beautiful bed and she spread her legs to me and my cocks easily found her more than wet pussies. for what seemed like hours we fucked and the bot had been right, it had never felt as good as it did during those hours. soon both cocks began emptying my cum into her again and again. but my erections never subsided and i continued to fuck marla again and again. i didn't notice for a long time the rise in her belly, which was small at first and then continued to grow as i fucked her. she thrashed

around in orgasmic joy and kept saying i love you and fuck me more, we were both lost in each other and it was if we couldn't stop. her belly was much bigger now and i could no longer fuck her and kiss her at the same time, so i continued fucking her. our bodies were covered in cum and juice and sweat and my hips just kept going and going, even when the bot picked me up and my cock popped out of her i continued to fuck the air. i watched as marla's stomach grew to almost bursting. her hips continued to gyrate and buck as another bot slid a sharp and glinting blade down her belly and she opened up. she slowly stopped moving but i watched as a small, pink person was lifted out of her and started crying. the bots quickly left with the small person and the room grew dark...

when i awoke i was lying in a bed in another white room with other men. the bot hovering over me offered me orange juice and a cookie. i was so tired. i asked the bot if i had managed to have children and it smiled and said to rest. i slept a long time i think.

when i awoke next the bot said i could leave. i walked from the center and as i was walking the memories of all i have related here began to plummet back into my head. i don't think we're supposed to remember, but i do. i worry that someone will not be pleased with me for writing this, but i believe someone should know what happens in the centers. where are all the children? and why did marla have to die?

these are the questions i keep asking myself. these are the answers i believe i should know. for the first time in my entire life i am not feeling like myself. i haven't fucked anyone in almost three days. what is wrong with me?

AUTO JOURNAL ENTRY 12.2079.05 - Thank you for using the auto-blog feature of your comm-implant.

i destroyed my ninth center today. on the bomb i planted i had written, "for marla" in red lipstick.

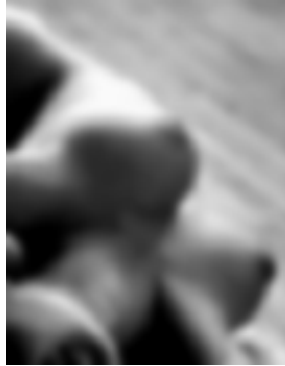
i had watched this one from a safe distance. the fireball rose high above the city and it took several seconds for the blast wave to ruffle my hair. safe distance. rosie and i fucked on the roof of the municipal building, while the city screamed below us. it was a thing of beauty. life affirmed in destruction. the fire reflected in the sweat of her skin, her breasts rising and falling, her pussy opened and welcoming me. me. a changed and different me. different, changed from a year ago. they say that having children changes you. i think they're more right than they know.

i had wandered the world after. looking. searching. fucking my way around the world in eighty days. at the end of my journey of debauchery i sat outside the center where it all started and cried. alone. i know it is illegal, but i fucking felt like it. a man approached me and sat and listened to me weep. he understood. he sucked my cock while i wept and swallowed my issue and told me he understood. did i have questions that needed answered, he asked. did he have answers to questions i replied. in part my brother, in part. he was right, only in part. but during the next

few months i discovered that i was not alone, that others shared my grief. other “parents” as we called ourselves, the parents of the missing, fathers of ghosts and dead solos. although, and this is the funny bit, our wives were not dead.

we learned by asking the right questions. questions asked in dark alleys, behind corners and at the end of mega-violence, but we learned. and slowly the world came apart. slowly the entire world crumbled around us. all we had known, revealed in one bloody piece at a time, like a macabre puzzle. and the true picture was revealed. in part. our solos were not dead, in fact they were very much alive, held underground in stasis. frozen in time. for what purpose we could only imagine. but the truth led to another type of birth. the birth of rebellion. we called ourselves The Fathers, and we were surely pissed off about things. we meant to change the world back to the way it was, or at the very least, release our captive solos. poor things. the night that happened, the night of decision, we smashed in an auto-bot’s metallic head. smashed it in real good and strong. when the deed was done we all

looked around, at that time there was only fifteen of us, a ragged circle of naked, sweaty, angry men. and we realized something important. we needed women.



before long our ranks had swollen to thousands, many of whom were indeed female. our moral was high and we fucked like rabbits, whatever they are. it was then

that we decide to destroy all of the centers, every last one. make demands. stand by our words. stand strong. fight the man. find our women. tonight was my ninth center. my group of twelve, rosie, madame, lady, tragic, des, jay, dman, and the others. other groups in other areas did other things, the details of which we did not know. in the excitement of our victory orgy we failed to

realize the large number of black-bots descending from the sky. until they landed among us. a stasis ball is no fun, let me tell you. it may look funny to see someone sucked into a massive pink rubber ball from a safe distance, but when it happens to you, it is no picnic. whatever that is.

for the longest time i believed my life to be a dream. a dream from which i had awoken a new man. it took marla’s death to awaken me. i suppose now, in hindsight, that was the whole fucking point.

i plopped out of stasis naked and confused. how long i was inside i will never know. although my sensei tells me i was inside for three months, i don’t believe him. he acts so stinking wise all the time, like he has all the answers. but i get ahead of my story. naked and confused, minus a cock. my sensei sat cross-legged in the center of a big round room and said, “Howdy.” i grunted, it takes awhile to get your bearings. “You have many questions, to which I have many answers.” see what i mean? wise ass. his hand stretched outward and he said, “Behold.” and the wall slid

down and i saw the most beautiful and realistic photo of the earth as seen from space. “nice picture”, i said. oh no, he assured me, this was very much reality. he claimed we were in space, in orbit around the earth he said, in a very large craft. i laughed. i laughed a lot actually. after the blinding electric shock wore off, i had stopped laughing. listen, he said, and hear the truth of the matter.

the earth was a paradise. sexual freedom and free love ruled the land. this was good. the bad news however, was the earth was dying. not now, but soon. soon in wise ass talk anyway. but the people of earth had grown soft, simple and happy. so the leaders had decided to poke at them, prod them, push them, a little here, a little there. to see what they would do. finally, some of us had had enough. fought back, grew a backbone. became violent, angry, pissed off. we became what our ancestors had been. we were old school, he said, which i didn’t understand. and still don’t. but we were ready, the best hope of mankind. the breeders that would seed the stars. a giant metal cock that would fuck the

universe and spread like sperm amongst the stars. this time i didn’t stop laughing after the first shock.

my sensei told me that story hundreds of times and eventually the funny wore off. i finally got to see marla and sensei watched as we fucked in extreme happiness. we were taken to see my son in the play room ed. babies are weird little creatures. i’m not sure i will ever get used to that. small, pink, and smelly. but i suppose i’ll have plenty of time to try. the nearest star is five-hundred years away. i don’t think i’ll live that long.





FUZZY DICE

years now, but the neighborhood was not. A girl could get into serious trouble. She sank back into the small shadows around the door. And waited.

“Is it possible he forgot me?” She thought as she stepped from the lobby onto the sidewalk. This wasn’t like him at all. She had called him earlier in the evening, had spoken to him twice as a matter of fact, and told him it would be a late night. He had asked, “How late sweetheart?” And she had said midnight, in front of the office. He was always early, the car warmed and ready to go. She hesitated in the doorway and looked around her, the streets were deserted, empty and dark. Her job was fantastic, almost five

Her only companions the sounds of a city falling asleep, the creak and pop of urban steel and brick settling in for the long road to dawn. Far off behind her the distant wail of sirens brought forth the worry that all lovers share, the horrid thoughts that think themselves, the twisted carnage of accidents and hospital waiting rooms. Unbidden. Unwanted. She waited and held her arms against her chest against the seeping cold of night. The streetlight above her flickered and buzzed its drone and suddenly,

without warning went dark. Shadows jumped across the street towards her, finally free of the circle of light. She shivered and wondered at the sound of tires screaming up the street. The headlights caressed her face and then darted down the corridor of night. She caught a glimpse of Carl behind the wheel as he stopped and the passenger door swung open.

“You’re forty-five minutes late Carl. Do you have any idea what could have happened to me out there? Do you?” She waited as she buckled her seat-belt, the old mustang creaked around her. Finally settled, her bags thrown in the back seat, she turned. “What happened?” She waited. Carl’s face was deep in shadow and he didn’t answer, he was obviously upset and bothered by something. She shrugged, tired and to exhausted to fight. It was late and the argument could wait until morning.

She watched the night pass in blurs as she thought once again about leaving him. Three years is a long time to wait for a proposal, her Mother would say. She sighed and without turning, “I’m sorry baby, its just been a long day.” The city continued to pass and her only response was the sound of the car and the slight wind that passed through the old glass. She reached her hand out to touch his, “Oh baby, you’re cold. Is the heater busted again?” She shivered and wished for a bigger coat. And still she waited.

The drone of the city lulled her into the between world, between sleep and awake, until the bright high-beam lights of a following car awakened her. “Dammit, why do people have to be so fucking rude?” The lights played across the blue fuzzy dice that Carl insisted on hanging from the rear view mirror, and she saw the glint. At first

she paid it no mind, her eyes betraying her brain and refusing to go along with reality. But she looked again and slowly reached her finger out to touch it. Sticky now, she brought her finger into the light from behind and knew what her heart had already told her, it was blood. She sat back quickly in the seat, “Carl? There’s blood on the fuzzy dice... Carl!?” The car behind them suddenly started to pass and the light finally shifted and she saw him for the first time clearly. Carl, the man she loved, the man whom she had finally opened herself to, the only man she had allowed to penetrate her ass, the man that made her orgasm more, the man she wanted to have children with, the man her Mother called a bastard behind his back, the man that once risked his life to save a cat, the man his friends bought his dream Mustang, the man who now sat in a pool of blood. She screamed and turned in

a rush to face him, her back pressed against the door. “CARL!?! What the hell!?!” She caught her breath, still he did not answer her, “What’s wrong!?? My God Carl, answer me!” The car came suddenly and violently to a halt and she was thrown against the dashboard. Darkness tried to veil her sight, but she fought hard against it, and watched as Carl opened his door and walked into the night.

She was still stunned from the sudden stop and took a moment to start registering things, Carl leaving her, and the swirling red, blue and white lights that seemed to be everywhere at once. She lifted herself out from partially under the dash and looked around at chaos. Fire engines, police cars, ambulances and men running and yelling and the smell of fire and smoke. She stumbled from the car and walked hesitantly toward the nearest fireman. Within the

circle of lights, she saw the tangled mess of several cars, twisted and misshapen. “Excuse me? Officer?” The man turned and reached for her, “Ma’am, are you injured?” She waved him away, “No, no, I’m fine... can you tell me what’s going on?” He held her by the shoulder and turned, “It’s a Hell of a thing Ma’am... man in the Mustang swerved to miss a little girl crossing the street and plowed into a line of parked cars. We’ve been working for forty-five minutes... Ma’am!!” She had bolted from his grasp and ran across the hoses and slippery water and foam, through her tear streaked eyes she could see the red of the mustang, tangled and torn and scarred. They were using the Jaws of Life and trying to get Carl out. Her foot bumped into something and she looked down at one of the blue fuzzy dice by her foot. The dice she had constantly made fun of him about, the dice he treasured as his

youth, as stupid yes, but a lost artifact of gentle days and long ago memories.

She reached for it.

The sound of ripping metal and more yelling and running around her. She ran too. Carl was being pulled from the wreckage and lifted into a litter, she ran to his side. Someone tried to stop her, but she pushed them away. “Carl!!”, she yelled as she reached for his hand. His eyes opened barely and he looked up at her, she could barely hear him, “B-baby, how?” She smiled weakly, “It doesn’t matter, I’m here now.” As they lifted him into the waiting ambulance she followed, never letting go of his hand. And before the door closed behind them, she thought she heard him say, “I’m sorry, I was supposed to pick you up... “ She brushed his hair back, as blood soaked the sheets and the paramedics worked, “Don’t worry, I found a ride baby, I found a ride.”



{ wonder. imagine the mind as a souless entity beyond thought. and wonder. }

My flesh cried as her hand touched my own, and so held tightly together in electric currents, we strode hand-in-hand into the night. The air crisp and full of the moon. Shadows of grey and black and whispering leaves high up in the trees. Together we laughed at the night. In our youth. We strode hand-in-hand into the night.

{ laugh. hear the rolling sound erupt from your throat and spill out into the world. and laugh. }

Together our hands held tightly in the night as our bodies writhed and twisted in unity. Her sweet flesh exposed and held close to my own, so much desire and passion that I surely felt as if I might die from its power. The feel of her opened to me as I entered her and she opened to me willingly and with her heart. From behind, from below, from within and without I pledged my love as I filled the empty spaces within her. And she filled the empty spaces within me.

{ empty. alone and lonely we wander the world empty containers that only love can fill. and empty. }

I held her hand before the assembled throng and pledged my undying love. Over her out-stretched finger I slip a circle of pure gold and glittering diamond as a symbol, an icon, an item of extreme interest and honor. Before one, now joined as one we entered a union as equals before a world that stood before us. Together we could face tomorrow and challenge the very fabric of time. Before time knew and surrounded us in harsh love.



{ time. feel the second hand move against the current, filling the empty place before it. and time. }

Tightly held your hand trembled as the quakes passed through you, scared, frightened, but trusting you clung to me. I whispered words and pretended to be strong, trying to pass my strength to you. Lights, swirling rooms, and dancing words flew through the air. And still I held tight. The scream and cry of new life finally pushed aside fear with joy. Passed into parenthood we wondered at the marvel of what our love had wrought. And arrogantly swelled with pride.

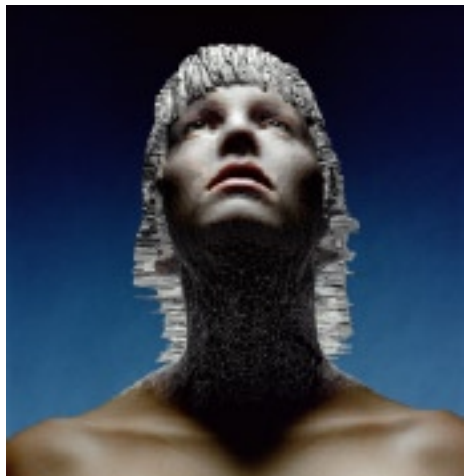
{ pride. filled with self-importance we strut through life assured of our central role and denied vision. and pride. }

In anger my hand cut the sky and bruised the cheek, in a split second the shade drew down over your eyes. The moment lost to me and surprised as your own hand returned the action wrought in pain, suffering and closed minded ignorance. Love's cost is high and painful at times, the sorrow of the world unleashed upon those close to us, and returned with vengeance. The cycle grows and spirals and spins and we watch as observers upon our own foolish choices.

{ choice. imagined and never real we flounder and swim against the reality of life as it happens to us. and choice. }

And now, old and withered, my hand raises once more to an empty sky. As my life slips from my fingers, unheld and cold. I cannot hold on.

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Dearest Samantha,

I am writing this to you in the hopes that somehow, someday, you may find this and forgive me for what I have done. What have I done? Why did I disappear and leave you with nothing, not even a note? For all I know, you have long since given

me up for dead. I wouldn't blame you. But as to the what and why, well, perhaps it would be best if I started from the beginning.

It all started that night eight months ago. I had been working late and was leaving the office, when someone asked me for some money. Expecting yet another plea for help from some dirty homeless person, I turned and was surprised to see the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I couldn't see her eyes behind the sunglasses that she wore, but the rest of her was knockout gorgeous. She smiled and I melted. Quickly she explained her problem, dumped without transportation or money, by an angry friend, she needed money for a cab. My heart leaped and I offered to take her wherever she needed to go. She smiled again and accepted. At that point I would do anything to see that smile once more.

Once we were in the car it didn't take long for me to realize that she wanted more than a ride. It might have been the cool night air, or the sweet perfume she wore, or the fact that she took her top off and exposed her perfect breasts. She took my hand and placed it on her full and warm breast and I became instantly aroused. As I fondled her breast, her hand opened the fly of my trousers and she pulled my hard cock out and began stroking me. Her hand felt incredible, but she only teased me and smiled. She asked if I knew a place where we could go to be alone. To my shame, I admit to you now that I did know of such a place, my friend Earl's apartment. Yes, I had used it before when he was out of town. I drove quickly.

THE SEX BOT TRAP

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Once we reached the apartment she was on my like stink on a pig, I have never experienced anything like it before. Especially not with you Samantha, and I know all about your condition. She practically ripped my clothes off and jumped naked into my arms. I slammed her into the wall and my throbbing cock plunged into the sweetest, hottest pussy it had ever known. And yes, I am aware that I am writing this like a cheap erotic fiction story, how else do you explain it? I'm not going to write, "And the moment arrived when the two lovers shared their love in a most natural way", ain't gonna happen. We FUCKED, like animals. It felt like it went on for hours, she even asked me to fuck her in the ass, which I did. She had the most amazing control over her pussy and she made me last and last and last. That should've been my first inclination that things were not what they seemed. Finally, I thought I might explode, and I did. I never knew I could

have so much cum! I filled her with it and it sprayed everywhere. During the entire night she never took off her sunglasses. (Clue two!) Spent, I rolled over on the floor, tired and relaxed. It was then that I heard a strange sound coming from her pussy, a buzzing sound almost like a scanner. I asked her if she was ok and she smiled again and said, "I'm analyzing your seed." She smiled again and said, "You are the one." I didn't have time to wonder what she meant, as a circle of darkness opened on her chest and a dart struck me in the throat. I passed out almost immediately, not unconscious, but paralyzed. I couldn't move or speak.

I watched as she carried me out onto the patio, where an air-car picked us up. A caught a glimpse of the driver, she was just as beautiful as the one I had just fucked. After that, I'm honestly not sure. Whatever she hit me with started playing tricks with my mind. Suffice to say that

eventually I found myself in a clean white room, strapped naked in a bed. A strikingly gorgeous naked woman smiled down at me. "So many questions you must have... yes?" My throat was dry, but I managed a, "Yes." She smiled again and I could feel my cock getting hard. She noticed and began gently stroking it to full erection. "Ahh, so amazing you humans, so ready to copulate at a moments notice." Her hand felt unusually incredible, "What do you want with me?! Where am I?!" She switched to playing with my balls, "There are the questions now. I will answer them while you fuck me and I take your seed." She climbed up onto the bed and straddled me, my cock literally jumped into her wet pussy, as she slid gently down over me. It seemed the unusual control was not unique. "We are Shri-Nanh, our race has traveled far to reach your world. We are few, a dying race. Our form would be repulsive to you... ahhhh, that feels good, your penis feels

continued next page

good inside of me, so hot and hard. Our males once fucked us bi-laterally, much surgery was needed to allow us to copulate with humans.” I grunted in pleasure, “Why....unh, why can’t they fuck you now?” She smiled, “They are all dead human. Have been for phases. But not all humans can impregnate us, we’ve tried so many. You are the first.” I was getting closer now, “Couldn’t you just ask me? Why the subterfuge?” My God, did she feel good, I wished my hands were free to play with her amazing tits. “Simple. Our race of hybrid Shri-Nanh and humans will conquer your world and enslave your race.” I could feel it happening and couldn’t stop it, “I’m coming.” She smiled, “I know, thank you, fill me with your seed!” And I did, over and over again. When she finally stopped writhing she smiled again, I was beginning to hate that smile.

“But why fuck me at all, there are

millions of sperm... why not just take it and fertilize yourselves.” Now she didn’t smile, “We like to fuck, and fuck often. But that is beside the point, we need the whole act to become pregnant. It is our biology.” I felt so empty and tired, I could barely speak, “How many of you are there?” I could see my cum dripping out of her, “Not many now, a little over three thousand. You will be very busy human.” I knew I wouldn’t be leaving anytime soon. “And what of me? What happens to me after you are finished with me?” She waited a long moment before she answered.

“Why, once our children hatch... you will be their first meal. Rest now, you have ten minutes before you must fuck again.” And she turned and left.

Everyday I fuck forty or fifty of “them”, one after the other. I don’t need to stop for food or water as they deliver that to

me intravenously. After they are finished they allow me to walk, locked in this little round room with a television and some books and magazines. This has been my life now for... how long I cannot know. I believe that one of them, the original, might help me. She has often returned after my “shift” is over for special attention. I’m going to give her this letter and hopefully she will deliver it to you.

You must warn them Samantha, you must. We don’t have long now, the egg room is almost full and... after they’ve eaten me, they’ll still be hungry. They plan to enslave us, not for workers... but as a food supply! Damn my sex drive! Wait... I hear them coming for me, it is time to fuck again. I’m sorry, I really am. Please forgive me.

R





“I’ll be fine really,” Sara kept her voice calm, “Ted will be back in two more days and then...” She stopped as her Mother interrupted her again. It was reflex now, a comfy blanket, each night for the past week she’d called her. Just to talk. “I know, I promise to talk to him about it...” In her entire twenty-seven years of life Sarah couldn’t once remember finishing a complete sentence when talking to her Mother. Even six-hundred miles away she managed to interject herself into Sara’s life. ‘You called her...remember’, she thought to herself as she ignored the end of the phone. “Yes.” “Ok.” “Uh huh.” “You too.” The ritual was well practiced, and this was the whole point, it could easily drag on for hours. “I love you too, talk to you tomorrow...” And so it went into the early night, as shadows dropped dark around the shades. The final ‘click’ of the

cell-phone closing and then silence. Sara sat on the couch, her knees drawn closely to her chest, ‘Damn him.’ Just three days after moving into this ‘dream house’ by the lake, and Ted’s company needed him in New York. Damn him for saying yes. She knew he’d had no choice in the matter, not if they were going to afford the mortgage. Her position at the hospital wouldn’t start paying off for a few years yet. As she sat and stared into the growing gloom she didn’t care if it was fair or not, she still cursed him. They were the first homeowners in the brand new development, the other homes were not even finished yet. The nearest real people were a few miles around the other-side of the lake, a strange family that just stared at them as they had driven by their home last week. She shivered and stood finally.

She felt it then. She was positive she heard the wind moan lightly, as something brushed against her left breast. She looked down and even through the thick green sweater, her left nipple stood erect. She shivered. Brand new home and already we have drafts. Her forebrain thought that, while her hind-brain had other thoughts. She remembered waking up this morning with the covers in the floor,

spread-eagle on the bed, and ever-so-slight reddish bruises on her thighs. She’d not remembered the dream, but God alone knew her imagination could get the best of her. She rushed to turn on more lights in the living room, her hind-brain finally getting its way. In the action of rushing around and turning the lights on, the kitchen, the lamp shades, the stove light, she missed the crash from the top of the stairs.

Everything froze, like a deer standing before the oncoming headlights she looked up the stairs into darkness. She had been on the phone through the evening change into night and hadn’t had time to turn on the lights up there. She listened and could hear something rolling back and forth in the hall. She pulled open the kitchen drawer and quickly pulled the huge metal Mag-Light her Mother had given her, its weight gave her strength. She flicked it on and followed its beam slowly up the stairs. She’d seen one to many stupid horror movies to say, “Is anyone there?” Like the lights, lessons learned and not easily forgotten. Step by step she held the flashlight at arms length, desperately trying to see over the lip of the landing. Finally, she saw the lamp rolling gently back and forth. It had fallen off the hall table,

that was the crash and that was the rolling sound. She sighed in relief as a cold hand grabbed her ankle. She screamed and pitched forward, the flash-light sliding from her hand. It landed and spun, its light twirling around the hall, as she hit the floor hard. Her hands barely had time to soften the blow to her head, and stunned she lay there for a moment, not registering, not believing, she had tripped somehow. But now, laying there on her stomach, the warm ooze of blood dripping from a gash in her forehead, she could feel two hands grabbing at her legs. She kicked out with all her strength, but she couldn’t stop them. She tried to turn her body, but she was weaker than she thought, and the light beam finally came to rest across her body. Now the hands gripped tighter and spun her around onto her back, she sat up slightly, dizzy from the hit to the head. The light beam struck the wall behind the hall table and she saw it then, something, someone, somehow was reaching through the wall. Its hands and arms were tightly clasping her legs, now up around the knees, and Sarah screamed for the first time in her life, she screamed full into the dark hallway.

Deep down her mind tried to pass out, another

movie cliché, but real life denied her that refuge. She watched in disbelief as the man pulled himself from the wall, puncturing the fabric, the dry wall, the paint, the wood, without effect, as he slid forward, his body shiny from a slick covering, naked and hairless he fell forward with a thud. His face was hidden as he rolled over onto his stomach and then looked up at her. His face was locked in a hideously contorted picture of pure agony, a primal scream frozen on his countenance, he slowly squirmed his way forward, as if unused to the locomotion of walking or even of crawling. Sarah felt his cold body on her legs, as his hands moved forward and ripped, in one clean motion, her silk pink panties from around her hips. She was exposed now and he pulled her legs roughly apart and slid further. She tried to inch backward against the wall, but his strength was enough to thwart her attempts. Weakly she waited in terror until finally the hideous face was above hers. She cringed and screamed again, a long and fading scream as she felt his cold as ice cock pressing for entrance between her legs.

The man, the thing, began fucking her. Slowly at first and almost tenderly, but with an increasing fury. Her eyes closed, her hands held

to her sides, she began to feel her own arousal and fought against it. The thing above her breathed in and she heard the whisper, “why?... i loved you gloria...” She began to cry then amid the pain and the pleasure, “I’m not Gloria!!!” The last of her strength ebbed from her in that cry and she finally did succumb to the deep dark comfort of unconsciousness.

In the coming months Sarah and Ted became good friends with the family across the lake. The little boy Oscar, the hulking and jealous Arnold and his young and lovely wife Gloria. In time Gloria came to dinner one night when Ted was on another business trip. It was a dark night, this time Sarah forgot the lights, and she kept urging Gloria to come upstairs with her. “I have something I think you will just die to see.” When they started up the stairs, Sarah insisted, “No, please, you go first. I’ll be right behind you.”



The key stuck in the apartment door and she swore under her breath. “C’mon!”, she said and she put everything she had into it, which wasn’t much given her slight frame. It had been another long day at McGovern, Stanley and Willemstein and Jennifer wanted nothing more than to be home. Even if home meant a dusty, creaky, broom-closet apartment on the upper East Side. She knew what was waiting for her on the other side of this damn stubborn door... with a loud pop the key finally turned. In that moment when the metal in the key just starts to bend, another second of pressure and the key will break, but the dead-bolt gave way instead. She tumbled into the apartment.

The pale light from the lamp illuminated the one room and her meager furnishings, couch, table, radio, Samantha the cat and a closet full of similar clothes. She often laughed to herself that the

draft was so bad, she could harness its power to generate electricity. Like in those windmill places. Although Jennifer didn’t own a windmill. She didn’t own much of anything really, her life was simple, and just the way she wanted it. She reached down to pet the leg circling Samantha. It had been another long day, and she was plenty tired. But she smiled and fed the cat, removed her shoes, her casual business attire skirt and blouse, and then slipped from her old, yellow-stained panties and bra. Naked now, she felt better and smiled for the first time all day. She smiled because she was finally naked, she hated the touch of clothes on her skin. And she smiled because she knew she owned one very special thing. And now was the time to get it out.

She opened the closet door and revealed the small red box on the shelf above the clothes. Carefully she pulled it down and walked it over to the couch. Samantha darted between her feet and leapt over the table. Jennifer and the box sat at the same time, city noises affecting them both in the same way. She opened the small box top and revealed her prize possession, a small shiny silver vibrator. The vibrator had been given to her as a cruel joke during the ill-conceived holiday name exchange five years ago at MS&W. Since that day she had enjoyed

its company each evening after work and twice a day on weekends. Jennifer long ago forgot her young dreams of love with a man, the face she saw in the mirror each morning making that determination for her. But she never missed it, not with her friend. And now she desperately needed it inside of her. Samantha brushed the box and it fell onto the worn and tattered carpet, the grey padding dropped out and a white card was exposed. In five years Jennifer had never once looked under the padding. Her curiosity was nearly gone, but she bent to pick up the card. Words everywhere, battery sizes, instructions on usage (She already knew those by heart) and cleaning instructions. For a moment she wondered at that, having never once considered cleaning the shiny silver object. The card found its way back into the box and the vibrator started its gentle hum between her legs. In her mind, Jennifer floated away into realms of naked fantasy.

And so it goes. Life has a rhythm they say, and if that is so, then none more so than Jennifer’s. The waking, the dressing, the subway, the office, the laughs, the whispers, the subway, the vibrator and sleep. The cycle, comfortable as it was, remained unbroken for months. The slow and steady rhythm blinding her to the subtle changes being wrought upon her body. Was she gaining weight? The snide

remarks of the IT guys at work finally prompted her to admit it, that and the lack of her monthly visitor for almost four months. With her diet, skipping a period was not an unusual occurrence. But four months stretched even the limits of her reality. She began wearing baggier clothing and hunching even more than usual. Eventually she could feel the movements inside of her and she began to feel the first touch of fear. She had never been with a man, what was it that was growing inside of her? As if reading her mind it was then that the pains started to rack her, painful explosions that rose and fell to their own rhythms. As the fifth month passed she became unable to leave the small apartment.

She awoke naked on the coach covered in sweat. She smelled the sweet odor of Samantha rotting in the corner and couldn’t remember when she had died. Her hands passed over the mound of her belly and felt the movement within, stronger now and more violent. When had she last eaten? She couldn’t remember, she couldn’t remember much. The pain changed suddenly and her hips raised into the air, a strange and unfamiliar sensation passed between her legs. She felt compelled to open her legs as much as she could manage and the pain came again, it started in strong waves and she felt completely at the mercy of whatever

was happening to her. She felt a slight rush and wetness spread under her ass. Her hands gripped the pillows tightly and she screamed into them, muffled and in agony. A heavy weight shifted and warmth grew in her belly. She screamed again as the weight pressed against her insides and she felt the rip and the blood and the heavy thing moved. In panic and pain the dim light of the apartment grew dark as she slipped into the dreamless world. Jennifer’s wracked body could take no more and she passed out.

In color and images she crawled from the darkness. Her world wasn’t what she had left just moments ago. The weight was no longer inside but outside, sitting heavy upon her chest. Her baby, her mind has finally named the thing she had dreaded the last five months. She was a Mommy now and her baby was suckling at her breast. At both her breasts it would seem. Without much imagination she believed her baby to be like a large shrimp, or lobster, but it was none of those things. Its dry and rough shell moved up and down with her breathing, and its multi-faceted mouths suckled harshly at her breasts. It was so heavy that in her weakened state she couldn’t move. But she could see its tentacles stroking her hair, caressing her skin and sliding slowly lower, down and in between her legs.

Suddenly Jennifer felt much better, she felt love emanating from her son and she loved him back. For the first time in her life she felt love for another and felt that love returned. And now they were lovers, as her sons tentacles slid in and out of her pussy and her ass. She was the happiest she had ever been. And while that plateau was not a high one, it was getting higher at each stroke.

After the first orgasm she heard it, the voice in her head. Not words per se, but thoughts of hunger, love and desire. She knew that her own nourishment would not be enough for her growing boy, but what could she feed him? Her cupboards had long since been bare. She felt the desperation in his thoughts and she knew that he was going to need real food soon. She cried then at his hunger and racked her brain for answers. As she thought the pounding at the door startled her from her reverie. She weakly managed a “Who is it?” And when the Policeman answered, she knew she had found the answer she and her son needed. She had failed at life, she knew that now, but she was determined to be a good Mother.



It was her laugh. Like the sound of birds in springtime, a soft and lilting melody that charmed a nine year old boy into believing love could be forever. They laughed and played and chased each other through his parent's apple orchard. An innocent game, his chores forgotten, his tools hastily thrown aside. Laughter. Childish joy. He could still remember catching her, the little details, the sun in her blonde hair, the over-large front teeth, she pushed first, even today he knew she pushed first. But he pushed back, too hard as nine year old boys sometimes do, and she fell back. If only he had been faster, quicker, better, she wouldn't have fallen on the pruning shears he had so hastily thrown aside. He cried Amber! But she never again said his name. And he held her as she died. It was always her laugh that would haunt him all the days of his life.

For thirty-three years he had stayed away. Living a life of hard work, world travel and empty affairs of the heart, never really finding anyone to fill the need for love. And now his Father had passed away, his Mother had died long ago of a broken heart. He had buried his past, had moved and made something of himself in the larger world. A big time Hollywood producer, his cousin had said when he slapped him hard on the back. The whole family is proud of you Jay. They crowded him with their smiles, frozen corpses of still living death and smothering questions. Is she as pretty in person? I heard he did a lot of drugs? Do you think you'll ever win an Oscar? He had felt like he was being buried under the weight of barely remembered family and friends. And then it was over, his Father safely returned to his Mother's side in the cold earth. The plates and pies had appeared in his Father's home and he had shambled through the crowds and whispered the words and weakly smiled. One by one they had marched away to their trailers and cabins and finally the house had grown quiet and still.

Now he sat on the back porch and watched the descending gloom of evening fall upon the

orchard. The long untended apple trees, bare or dead, their skeletons poking at the night sky. Black fingers pleading and reaching upwards for God knows what. He shook his head and drank his coffee, stupid, morbid shit. He had a script to read tonight and tomorrow he would be safely back in Los Angeles among the brightly dead of another world. He shivered, the night brought a chill to the air. He thought of all those he had symbolically buried, those whose careers he had ruined, stepped over so that he could be successful. The little people who got in the way. His heart had died long ago and he relished the struggle, he loved the power to squash someone weaker and take the glory for himself. He laughed inwardly as he thought of Harold, his college roommate. He hadn't thought of Harold for years. Such genius, such a waste of talent, such a dick. But he had written the perfect screenplay in that small college dorm, Harold had worked every night for a year on the damn thing. And he had done it. But the bastard wouldn't share, wouldn't hear of adding his name to the work. Laughed at the suggestion, laughed at him. All it took was a slight push this time, and twelve floors of empty sky and a concrete sidewalk had taken care of the rest. The

screenplay sold nine months later and his path to success had begun.

He stood then and threw the remainder of the coffee into the back yard. He stopped and listened, for a brief moment he thought he heard... but no, it must be the rustling of the trees. He laughed and turned, but before he could open the screen door, he stopped again. This time he was sure he had heard it. He spun and peered into the growing darkness of the orchard. He saw nothing. But there it was again, laughter, small and lilting. He called out, "Is anyone there?!" But he got no reply other than more of the same laughter. He stepped down the three steps into the backyard and the laughter moved, as if it were running. "Who is there? Answer me dammit!" Then he saw his first glimpse of movement, just a small piece between the trees. Unknown to him, he continued walking into the orchard, looking for another sign. As his foot touched the moist soil, she stepped out from behind a tree. Whoever she was she was beautiful and totally naked. He smiled his winning smile, he was not unused to this situation. In fact, he had been disappointed that it hadn't happened yet. "Sweetheart, you must be cold out here, why

don't we go inside and get warm?" She smiled back and in an innocent, sweet voice she said, "I want to stay here." He shivered again, the chill had grown worse. She moved closer now and her long blonde hair cascaded over her shoulders and just touch the tips of her perfect breasts. His desire grew strong and he knew he must have her.

He removed his clothes and drew her to him, her skin was cold to the touch. She kissed him strongly, desperately, and he could feel her cold lips on his. But still he responded and she touched and held his raging cock, "I waited for you." He pulled her and together they fell upon the ground, "Why didn't you call out earlier, we could have done this inside, by the fire?" On top of him, she took his cock and slid it inside of her cold pussy, and then she laughed, "Why silly, the pruning shears are out here, in the orchard." She started to fuck him then and still she laughed, and finally he recognized that laughter. Thirty-three years later and everything suddenly became clear, "A-Amber?" She laughed, like birds in springtime, "Yes my love, and now we will be together... forever." Her skin started to dry and flake away, her hair fell out and her

beautiful green eyes grew dark and receded into their sockets, "But you are dead!!!?", he nearly screamed now, terror and revulsion and pleasure mixed together in fear. Her death face now hovered above him in the night, "But darling, so are you." And then he felt it, together with his growing orgasm, the immense pain in his lower back and stomach. He looked down his chest and saw the blood smeared blade of the pruning shears. Now he could not muster the strength to scream. And he felt his essence flow not only into her dead pussy, but into the night his soul left his body.

And she held him as he died. And he knew that it would always be her laugh that would haunt him for all of eternity.

“Thomas?” In the dark her voice was as soft as silk. “Yes my darling?” His voice was as opposite as night and day. He could feel her body shift in the tent they shared. “Do you suppose we shall ever return to Africa?” He didn’t answer immediately, his mind wandered over all that had happened to them on this trip into the heart of the dark continent. “I suppose we shall,” he turned towards her, “why do you ask such questions?” In the light of the crescent moon he could see her raise herself upon an elbow. “I worry so over what... what happened today.” His hand reached out to touch her cheek, “Fret not darling, they are only savages.” His eyes strained to see the pile of treasures they had “collected” from the tribe at the far side of the tent. One piece in particular reflected the light, the Chief himself had died protecting that piece. A broken tip of a primitive spear. “I know Nigel, I do. But your men... Slaughtered an entire village... It pains me so.” He winced at her words, it had been a mistake

bringing her along. A mistake he had regretted on more than one occasion. At least tomorrow they would be on their way back to England. “Take heart my darling, with this treasure we shall be fabulously rich and the toast of proper society... this world will be long forgotten. Now get some sleep, tomorrow will be a long day.”

She lay quiet and stared blindly into the night. She could hear his breathing slow and knew that he rested easy. But her heart was troubled by the sight of the women and children... she couldn’t even bring herself to think on it. Perhaps Nigel was right, such thoughts worried her female brain to no end, and once safely back in England would worry her no more. But still, she found it difficult to rest peacefully. Eventually her breath slowed and night covered her worries like a blanket. The dark continent rose and smothered them all in its embrace.



When she awoke the first thing she noticed was the taste of the cloth in her mouth, bitter, tangy, like a root. Her hands were sore, tied behind her back somehow. She shook her head and cleared the cobwebs. She looked up into the blazing African sun at a wide circle of dark skinned natives standing around her in a circle. She was tied to a post, her hands tight behind her, her mouth gagged, and she was totally naked. She panicked then and tried to scream, but the gag was too tight. She noticed then that Nigel was likewise tied to a thick pole across from her, also bound, gagged and totally naked. His pale white skin already reddening in the sun, as she suspected hers was as well. Nigel also awoke and went through the same contractions as she had, to like results.

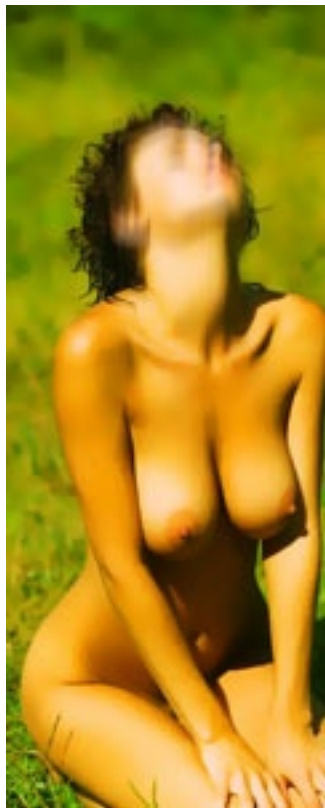
In the middle of the circle was a flat black stone and on top of that stone was the end of the spear they had stolen from the village yesterday, glinting in the sunlight. A large black man stepped into the circle and everything grew silent. He screamed at them and they all screamed back. He reached down and spun the shard quickly and it spun and finally stopped, pointing at her. The big man, perhaps the Chief, turned and looked at her. They were all virtually naked and she could see that he was aroused by her. It was then that she passed out.

When she awoke the smell from the gag was worse than ever. A white man, ragged and smelly was wiping her face. “Do as they say, I cannot help you, I am their prisoner and translator.” He whispered and then stood. The big black man yelled at them some more, jumping up and down, he was very animated. The white man swallowed and then said, “You have stolen the spear of God, the shard that protects Africa!

You have killed the Guardian and his family! For that you must be punished.” The Chief jumped and screamed some more and then came up very close to her. “The shard has chosen you first! Choose... Death! Or... ZugZug!!” Somewhere drums began beating and everyone began yelling and jumping and dancing. She cried. The Chief slapped her hard across the face. The white man came close, “Nod once for Death, twice for ZugZug.” Not wanting to die, she nodded twice. Everyone got very excited about her choice and the Chief came over and forced her legs apart and began fucking her, hard. She cried, the pain was terrible. But nothing compared to what was about to happen, as in turn, every man in the party had their way with her, in her mouth, in her ass, over and over again until she wished she was dead. Eventually she did die a horrible, long and painful death... by ZugZug.

The Chief then turned to Nigel and screamed at him. The white man came

over, “Choose, Death or ZugZug!” Having seen what had befallen his wife, Nigel could only imagine the horror of that happening to him. The mere thought was enough to nearly kill him. He tried to right himself and said, “Death!” The Chief jumped up and down and screamed. The white man leaned in and whispered, “But first... more ZugZug!!” Nigel screamed as they started having their way with him. It looked like this would be their last trip to Africa after all.



warm light and blurry streams of airborne fluff swirl about in the eddies of wind, rustling the fallen leaves and breathing from the north, unleashed perhaps from some frozen god, the nostrils flared and open to the movement and desires of mere mortal men. succumbed and bathed in miles of air touching nothing but empty space above my head, the pressure of a universe unseen surrounds me and envelopes my spirit. i am the beast. i am the emotion of hatefearangerpitsorrowhappysad-desire and i feel the course through my veins. i sense the thumping of a heart captured in a prison of bone and sinew, my heart trapped within me, begging to be free of its bonds, but needing so much not to be free. in ways profound and deeply meaningful i stomp in restless poundings in the mud. splashing and thrashing against the slithering soil, moist and damp and primordial. i am the animal. i desire my parcel of flesh.

i am the receptacle. i am the womb of mother earth and of things beyond man. sensing the smell of him in the air i coil my heart around the center of the universe and wait. the earth moves beneath me, circling its star and bathing in the light so distance and well-traveled.

in mud and soil i swim and breath deeply the moments of time stretching back through my history, touching a long line of my mothers towards the one, the ape mother and she snaps at me. angry at my presumption of intelligence and mindful of my beast. i sing then aloud. answered by star song and violent birth i allow my spirit to soar. i prepare and embrace and hold and throw down and reject and open and close and spread and sing loudly. i am the heart. my hands pull forth and part simply placed between my fingers. dragged down into the mud. from wence and eventually returned. naked and open i desire a parcel of flesh. within me.

we are union. penetrated and open, the rustle of the wind blows across skin, bone and blood. the stars shine unseen in the light of day and remember distant thoughts of time beyond time and dust and clouds and forces powerful enough to create. mingled and brought inward they pull the fabric tight and down into the earth. we are fuckinglovemaking monkeys. are we not?

we are union



“Like the wind crying endlessly through the universe, Time carries away the names and the deeds of conquerors and commoners alike. And all that we are, all that remains, is in the memories of those who cared we came this way for a brief moment.”

- Harlan Ellison